

NEW YORK

# Saturday Evening Post

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. IV.

F. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,

PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

NO. 184.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, \$3.00.  
Two copies, one year, \$5.00.

DECEIVED.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The saddest man I ever knew  
Was one who counted others true;  
His love, his loving, was deceived  
In her whom he had believed.  
He laid in homes at her feet;  
His heart, an offering pure and sweet;  
She caring not for heart so pure,  
For what that could through life endure,  
Smiled on the thin skin, and less  
Than the hair ribbon of her bosom,  
And sought, the while his heart might ache,  
Some other heart to win and break.

I pitied him! His shattered faith  
Was far more painful than death.  
He had believed her to be true,  
And loved as only such men do.  
Had loved that falsest of false things—  
A butterfly with shining wings—  
A woman, no woman!—  
Life has its times of joy and dole,  
But oh! what time could sadder be  
Than when a true man wakes to see—  
And such things happen every day—  
It's idol proved of common clay!

## The Man from Texas:

OR,

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "MAD DIRECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB,"  
"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED  
MAZERIA," "ACE OF SPades," "HEART OF  
FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XII.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

THE General stared at the sheriff in astonishment.

"What's that?" he cried, in amazement.

"I say, I've got a warrant hyer for the arrest of your overseer; 'sault and battery,' repeated the officer.

"Why, you haven't had any trouble with any one, have you?" Smith asked, in wonder, turning to Texas.

"Not that I'm aware of," the overseer replied. "There must be some mistake."

"I reckon you're the man, stranger," the sheriff replied; "you answer to the description."

"Who makes the complaint; do you know, Lem?" the General asked.

"Yes; it's that big nigger, King Congo."

A low whistle of astonishment came from the General's lips.

"Well, now, this beats me!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Lem, you know what a scamp that Congo is!" He came on my place here this morning, tried to persuade my hands to quit work, and when my overseer here—Mr. Texas, Mr. Johnson—interfered, the nig talked back to him, chock full of fight, too. Well, he just got whaled; Johnson, you would have give ten dollars to have seen how beautiful Mr. Texas here wallowed that cuss. I'm an old man, Johnson, and have traveled a good deal, but it was the prettiest fight that I ever saw in my life. The way we cleaned out Banks, down on the Red River, wasn't any thing to it."

Smith was quite excited.

"Of course, General, I don't know anything about it," Johnson explained. "Justice of the Peace, Foxcroft, put the warrant into my hands, and of course I've got to serve it. I told the Justice that I thought it was a little out of my line, but you see the constable, Bill Smith, is down flat on his back with the shakes—by the way, General, Bill's some sort of a relation of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes, third cousin. Bill is sick, eh?"

"Awful! I told him when he bought that place down on the Catfish that it were powerful unhealthy," the sheriff said. "Well, as I said afore, Bill's sick, and his deputy, Jim Forsyth's gone up to Fort Smith. He went up on the Des Arc yesterday—mighty fine boat that Des Arc, General, a heap sight better than the old one; well, you see, that wan't any official left in the town to serve the durned thing, 'less I toted it; so I jest thought that I would oblige the Justice for once!"

"Yes, of course I understand," Smith said; "I spouse you will have to go in, Mr. Texas, since the warrant is out. But that beats me, Lem! The idea of coming and picking a fuss, and then going and getting out a warrant for an assault!"

"That's kinder raking things," Johnson remarked, soberly. "From the looks of the dark, I should have judged that he had had about six teen on him."

"Whipped him in fair fight! I saw nearly all of it myself. Johnson, you would have given twenty-five dollars to have seen the fight!" the old Arkansan exclaimed, excitedly.

"From the looks of the nig, I reckon I would, General," the sheriff said, with an air of sad reflection.

"Sam, saddle my Morgan, and the black, right away!" the General shouted to the negro, who was sunning himself outside the stable.

"Deed, sir, dat black done gone lame," replied Sam.

"You'll have to ride the spotted mustang, then; I must tell Missouri," and the General re-entered the house.

The overseer's horse had been sent to the blacksmith to be re-shod, just before dinner, and hadn't returned.

Hardly had the General closed the door behind him when he was joined by Missouri. Conceded behind the Venetian blinds of the dining-room, she evidently had overheard all that had passed.

Smith was proceeding to explain, but his daughter interrupted him with the assurance that she knew all about it.

"You can have the mustang, of course, father," she said, hurriedly; "but what will they do with Mr. Texas? I'm sure the negro deserved all he got, although Mr. Texas did strike him first; but I know that that big brute said something dreadfully insulting to him."

"Why, how did you know that he struck



From behind the Venetian blinds, pretty Missouri watched the horsemen until they disappeared from view.

him first?" the General asked, in amazement. "Oh, I suppose that some of the hands told you about it."

"No, father; where should I see any of the hands?" the girl replied, evidently confused.

"How the mischief, then, did you know any thing about it?" Smith questioned, in a puzzle.

"Why, I happened to be up stairs in the cupola, and saw it all from beginning to end," she replied, slowly, and in great embarrassment.

But the General was decidedly more astonished at this statement than he had been at first.

"But how could you see the affair from the cupola?" he asked; "the field is over half a mile off!"

"Why, I—I had your field-glass, father," she answered, blushing red as fire as she spoke.

"Oh, I see," the old man said; and, busy as his mind was, thinking of the outrage of the overseer's arrest, he took but little notice of his child's confusion. And she, on her part, was heartily glad that he did not press his question further, and ask her what she was doing up in the cupola with the field-glass for a companion.

"We can have the mustang, then?" the General said, retreating to the door.

"Yes, certainly!" was the decided reply; "but, father, they can't trouble Mr. Texas, can they?"

"Of course not, in justice! The fellow provoked the thrashing, anyway, and deserved all he got. I suppose the idea is to make it appear an outrage on the negroes, and so make a sort of political affair out of it; but I don't think they will be able to do it in this county. The war is over and we understand it, and there is no more law-abiding community anywhere in the United States."

"But, father, if there is any trouble, you'll stand by him—you'll see him through, won't you?" asked the girl, persuasively.

"Will I?" exclaimed the old General, hastily; "by the Lord I will! I'll see him through if it takes every mule on the plantation!"

Then Smith emerged from the house to the veranda.

Sam had the General's brown Morgan mare saddled, and stood waiting with it in front of the house.

"Saddle the spotted mustang, Sam, for Mr. Texas," the planter ordered, as he mounted into the saddle, quite lightly for one of his years and build.

"Yes, sir; I done saddle de mustang. I spects you'd want dat!" Sam answered with a grin; and then, in obedience to his whistle, a colored boy led out the spotted mustang—Missouri's pet—from the stable, all saddled and bridled.

The overseer leaped lightly into the saddle, and the party set out.

From behind the Venetian blinds, pretty Missouri watched the horsemen until they disappeared around the bend of the road.

The horsemen, riding briskly toward the landing, soon got into conversation.

"Times are changing mighty, ain't they, General?" the sheriff observed. "I kin remember the time when two gentlemen could have a nice quiet fight, and a sheriff that went to arrest one on 'em, would have bin mobbed, sure. Why, they could even use their shootin' irons, and the authorities wouldn't interfere."

"That's so," asseverated the General. "When will the examination take place?"

"Jist as soon as we git thar. The nig and his lawyer air waitin'. Bob Howard's his lawyer. Bob's a good lawyer; better judge o' whisky, though."

"If they've got Bob Howard, they mean business," the General exclaimed, earnestly. "I reckon we better pick up Judge Yell, as we go by his place. The Judge knows the law."

"I'll low he does, but he's the durnest old cuss for a practical joke in the hull State. I reckon the Jedge and Bob come together, and law and whisky will suffer," the sheriff remarked, sagely.

CHAPTER XIII.

SWAPPING GOL.

In the clearing, outside his log-cabin, sat Gol

Adair, better known perhaps for forty miles

around as Swapping Gol. Near by him was

Peter Ritter, his constant companion, and the

United States officer, Lieutenant Winnie.

The trio had just returned from a ducking

excursion down the Arkansas; that they had

been successful a half-dozen braces of wild

ducks clearly proved.

Gol Adair was a little wiry, dried-up sort of

man, with a skin as yellow as parchment and almost as tightly drawn over the bones as that of a mummy. His harsh yellow hair was chopped off close to his head—his own hand and a sharp-edged bowie-knife always attending to the trimming operation; his eyes were little, deep set in his head, and a greenish gray in color—more like the eyes of an animal than a man. He was dressed in a homespun suit that once had been butternut-brown in color, but exposure to wind and rain, contact with the black mud of the bayou, the yellow sands of the Arkansas and the red clay of the river-banks, to say nothing of the numerous patches of various colors, with which the thrifty Gol had at times repaired the rents and tears of brambly branches and the claws and teeth of wild beasts had made in his garments, had now so utterly changed the original color that it was hard to say which was the prevailing tint.

Gol was plainly armed—a long, ugly-looking rifle and a single twelve-inch bowie-knife being his only weapons.

Adair was quite a character. He had emigrated from upper Georgia, some thirty years before, and taken up his residence in Arkansas.

At that time peltry was plenty on the upper

Arkansas and its branches, and Adair followed

the occupation of a trapper for a living; but

as time passed on, the price of furs declined

and the animals themselves became scarce, so Adair gave up trapping and looked around for a plantation.

And just about that time, old Colonel Smith

founded the town of Smithville, and as the

Catfish Bayou had been one of Gol's favorite

haunts in the early days when he had first fa-

vored Arkansas with his presence, he selected

about twenty acres, just above the junction of

the bayou with the Arkansas, and erecting a

log-cabin, assisted by the inhabitants of the

city—that was to be settled down upon his

plantation.

But Adair declared he wouldn't have the

best plantation in the county. He wasn't

going to be a slave to any "durned cotton

crop, or any other kind of a crop—not ef he

knew himself!"

All he wanted was five or ten bailes—enough

to buy groceries and liquor. Corn he could

raise himself; there was plenty of fish in the

bayou, and his rifle could bring him all the

meat he wanted and pay for his powder, caps

and balls, besides.

And as for the two or three half-wild horses

that he always possessed, in the winter he

turned them into the canebrake where they

fed on the young cane until they were as fat as

hogs, and in the summer, the rank grass of the

prairie gave them food.

Adair was noted, too, for his swapping pro-

pensities. He was never so happy as when

he had known to start out of Smithville,

riding the worst-looking "clay-

bank" horse that ever a man bestrode, with a

little mean open-faced silver watch in his

pocket and a rusty shot-gun on his shoulder,

strike over the line into the Indian nation, and

come back in a month, with a couple of fine

horses worth seventy-five or eighty dollars

apiece—high prices those, for even extra

horses, on the upper Arkansas, before the war

—an excellent double-barrel gun—or a fine

rifle, maybe—two or three pistols or knives,

and a good solid hunting-case watch in his

pocket; all of which trophies were the pro-

ducts of a series of judicious swaps.

Smithville folks said Gol Adair had rather

swap than eat, and as they were his near

to-night." And then the eyes of the old hunter twinkled.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Winnie, suddenly. "I can't go as early as that."

"Nein, neither can I," Peter said, getting very red in the face again. "I can not go mit you so early as dat."

"Why, what on earth is the matter with both on you?" asked Gol, in affected amazement.

"I have an appointment this evening," the lieutenant explained.

"Dat ish the matter mit me," the German lad confessed, still very red in the face.

"Get him to wait till to-morrow," Gol suggested, very innocently, addressing the soldier.

"And won't the gentleman wait for you, Pete?" he demanded of the boy.

"You infernal old humbug! You know very well that it isn't a *him*!" Winnie exclaimed.

"And is your him a *fraulin'* too?" Gol asked, of the boy, comically imitating his tone.

"Yah," replied the youth, laconically.

"Wal, go, it's ye cripplies!" the hunter said, encouragingly. "I'll hold yer hats. I reckon, though, that you can't swap the ducks for ribbons and such truck, but maybe if you let me hev the trade I kin. I low I *hi*-a whip the world a-swappin'. But, what time will you be back, lefenant?"

"Not before ten; I shan't go up to the landing until after dark. I don't care about the town seeing me call upon the lady," Winnie explained.

"Kiader ashamed of her, I s'pose," Gol said, sympathizingly.

"Go to thunder!" the soldier responded indignantly.

"I swear I won't waste any more sympathy on you, dog-gone it!" retorted Gol. "And Pete, when air you coming home?"

"When she turn me out," the boy replied, honestly.

Both Adair and Winnie laughed at the frank confession.

"Wal! I sw'ar!" Gol exclaimed, after he got through laughing. "I never had to be turned out by the gal when I used to go sparkin'. I allers could take a hain. All they had to do was to boot me out two or three times, and then I allers understood that my company wasn't agreeable." And the old hunter laid back and enjoyed a quiet laugh.

"Well, as we're all three going up to the landing, let us go together about sundown," Winnie suggested.

"I'm yer man, as the beaver said when he married the muskrat's sister," was the hunter's reply. "I say, lefenant, who do you s'pose this critter is hantering arter?"

"I haven't an idea," Winnie replied.

"Tilda Gark, sister-in-law to Yell."

"Whew!" exclaimed Winnie, in surprise. "You had better be careful, Pete; if you should happen to offend that precious brother-in-law, he'd think nothing of putting a load of buckshot 'plum into you,' as he would say."

The lad raised his head proudly and a spark of fire shone in his clear blue eyes.

"Me nix 'fraid' I, and he drew the rifle up and pulled the hammer back with his thumb significantly as he spoke. "Me see men shot for now; dat ish good. I hit dat squirrel way up on tree. I gife Yell one, two six bulletz he come mit me near."

"He won't give you a fair chance for your life, boy!" Gol said, kindly and quite gravely. "He'll bushwhack you from behind a tree or from a fence corner, the everlasting pole-cat that he is!"

"Why do you think that there is any real danger of his attacking Pete?" the soldier asked.

"Wal, I dunno," Adair said, with a dubious shake of the head. "Just afore heshot Tom Warren, and the chase wasn't so hot after him, he used to come in nigh the landing. I s'pose I've seen him skulkin' in the bush down near the Ozark place a dozen times. That's about two miles down the river. 'Tilda lives thar with her father and mother; Forsyth's their name. I had a talk with ole man Forsyth, then, about Yell; I happened to mention that I seed him, an' the ole cuss r'ally trembled; shoot jest as if the ague had got hold on him. I asked him right out if he was 'feard of Yell and he 'lowed he was. He tolle me that Yell had bin hangin' round the plantation a good deal, and he r'ally feared that he was coming arter 'Tilda. Of course the ole man knew that I wouldn't mention any thing 'bout seenin' Yell, cos he knew that I allers tended strickly to my own business, an' knew 'nough to keep my mouth shut."

"I say, Gol, why the deuce is it that you're so reluctant to give us a clue to the hiding-place of this fellow? You know where his hole is in the swamp, and you would really be doing a service to the community to tell. I can understand in war-time how such a fellow's brutal acts could be tolerated, but now he's a perfect terror," Winnie said, earnestly.

"Wal, you're 'bout right, I s'pose," Adair answered, thoughtfully. "That poor Tom Warren that he shot was a right proper sort of man, but I don't want to be mixed up in it at all. It's none of my quarrel, as the coon said when he clain' up the gum an' left the wild-cat and the black snake to fight it out on the ground."

"Why didn't old Forsyth tell him to clear out and let his daughter alone? After killing one of the girls, Ozark ought to be satisfied."

"The ole man didn't dar to open his head to him fur fear he'd lay fur him with the double-barrel some night."

"Then you won't tell me where his den in the swamp is?"

"I sw'ar I don't know, r'ally," replied Gol, earnestly. "I suppose I could smell him out if I wanted to, but I don't."

"After he's riddled the boy yonder with buckshot, you'll be sorry you didn't put your heel on this snake," Winnie said.

Gol looked after Pete, who had risen during the conversation and walked toward the house.

"He'd better not tech him!" the old hunter exclaimed, nervously. "It will be the worst day's work Yell Ozark ever did if he pulls a trigger on that air boy, I tell yer!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

## Mad Dan, the Boy Spy:

FALSE TO THE KING, BUT TRUE TO HER LOVER.

A REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE.

BY C. B. LEWIS,  
C. M. QUAD" OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

### CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE PASS.

As soon as Captain Tracy's little band began to retreat, the provost guard made haste to saddle up and pursue, and, as they were ready to start, a detachment arrived from the Graham farm to join in with them. The excitement and indignation were so intense that the soldiers would not move a hand toward saving any property threatened by the flames, but, leaving the citizens to battle with the conflagration, they pushed on after the daring raiders.

It was a long, persistent pursuit. Halting on the crest of a hill two miles from the village, Captain Tracy looked back over the road and saw the British troopers take his trail. The

flames mounted up until the country was as light as day, and the inhabitants of the farm-houses were terror-stricken as they rose from their beds and beheld the work of destruction. The Colonists swept along at a steady gallop, interfering with no one and making no halts, and the British horsemen followed like wolves on the track.

The road running west was reached, and the gallop did not flag. An hour after the Colonists struck the mountain road, and here the pursuit ceased, neither party having fired a shot. Riding slowly down the rough, dark road, shut in sometimes by jagged cliffs, and again open for a space so that the glare of the burning village danced across the way, Captain Tracy had time for reflection. He was wondering what news the letter handed him by Crazy Dan contained, when the whole band were startled by a voice, from the rocks overhead:

"Burn and destroy—burn and destroy!" It was the old crone, Aunt Nancy. The men halted and called to her.

"She wrote the captain a letter, but he has lost it!" croaked the witch.

Captain Tracy felt for the letter, and, to his consternation, it was not to be found. He examined every pocket, and even dismounted to make a closer search, but the letter was missing. He had lost it in the village or along the road.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Aunt Nancy, "the letter is gone—gone—gone! but I read it and I remember what it said!"

"Come down here, Aunty!" called the captain, "come down and I will give you some silver!"

"Oh! ho! but they believe what I say, they do! I'm an old witch! I fly through the air and I wear a coat of fire, which burns up the dew and the rain!"

She was descending from rock to rock as she shouted the words, and presently her lean, gaunt form stood before the little band. They had halted just where the red glare of the great fire shot across the road between a break in the trees along the base, and as the hag came into the light she seemed a veritable old witch. Her long gray hair fluttered and waved as she tossed her arms, and her eyes glittered and burned as she peered up into the faces of the men.

"Bravo! brave!" she shouted. "You wounded some, you killed some, and you fired the town! They rode fast, but I was watching you and you rode the faster!"

The captain dismounted and approached, and held out his hand, saying:

"Here's the silv'r, Aunt Nancy; now please tell me what was in the letter."

"She's trapped! she's trapped!" whispered the crone, placing her hand on his shoulder. "The serpent has coiled to strike her, and she can't escape!"

"Tell me more, Aunty!" he whispered, handing her more silver. "She was not in the village—where did she go?"

"Ten miles north—half a mile east!" she replied, dancing up and down and waving her arms.

"Tell me more!"

"Hoo! hoo! Hoo-hoo!" screamed the woman, imitating the notes of an owl. "I can't stay—my owl is waiting—good-by—hoo! hoo!"

She turned and leaped up the rocks with the agility of a panther, and, though the captain rushed after her, she was beyond his reach in a moment. He called to her again and again, but she only answered with wild laughs, and was presently beyond hearing. He mounted without a word to the men, all of whom were deeply mystified, and scarcely a word was exchanged between them until the Pass and the camp were reached.

The conflagration had been observed by the men left behind, and they were eager for news. Parson Warner was as excited and interested as the others, and as soon as the captain had dismounted he accosted him:

"Friend Tracy, I hope thou didst not purposely fire the village?"

"Come to my tent—I want to talk to you," replied the captain, and when they were seated he gave him a detailed account of the raid, repeating all that had been said by the old witch.

"I think I see through the plot," said the Quaker, as the captain had finished. "The young Quaker would not consent to the marriage, and the British captain would naturally feel revengeful. He had imprisoned the father and abducted the daughter, or else she rode away to her friends to escape him."

"But I can not help but ponder over the old crone's words—ten miles to the north—half a mile to the east." What could she mean by them?"

"Let me see," mused the Quaker. "Ten miles north of the village; that would bring them exactly to the red guide-board, where the leg tavern was burned several years ago. Half a mile east—up the Sweet Creek Road—would be to the bridge and a little beyond. Half a mile—let me think. There's only one house there, that of the strange man they call Lonely Webster."

"That's it, then!" exclaimed the captain, as he answered, and he obeyed. Waiting until his excitement had somewhat subsided, she couched her language in the simplest terms, and began to ask him questions. It was a hard task to keep his mind on the subject five minutes at a time, and she was a full hour obtaining the information desired. She finally knew that Captain Tracy and a few men had raided into the village; that her letter had been delivered; that there had been a battle and a great fire, and then her mind came back to her.

"If you will help me out of here and go with me to the mountain, I will give you a horse and a sword," she said, "and the captain will give you a soldier's cap, and lots of silver."

"Daniel can't stay!" he answered, in a decided voice. "The world is going to burn up, and I must hurry and tell all the people!"

She had some silver with her, and tried to bribe him, but to her disappointment he was as firm as a rock. He even refused to attempt to break open the doors or the windows, and as she continued to flatter and plead, he rose up, saying:

"Daniel must go now; he can't stay another minute! Ho! ho! but the great big world is blazing and burning, and the people don't know it!"

She used every effort of language to detain him, and even laid hold of him, but he shook her off and clambered up the chimney like a squirrel. She could not follow; and when he had descended the roof, and his voice was lost in the distance, her despair was deeper and darker than before he came. Crouched down in the corner where she flung herself when he rode out, she hardly realized anything until the sun began to grow low in the west. In a few hours more Captain Lisle would come, and she must be ready with her plans. A coil of rope hung to a peg in the darkest corner, as if the old misanthrope who had inhabited the house had meant to hang it where his eyes would meet it. She walked over and took it down, but the touch of the hempen cord gave her a thrill. She had thought to hang herself with it, but she lacked the courage. Was there not a little hope that her persecutor would fail to come? A little hope that the lunatic would return and aid her to escape?

There was hope, and she flung the rope away. She felt braver and stronger for having conquered the evil spirit which urged her to take her own life; and as the sun went down, and the evening shadows came, she lighted the candle, and placed it in the broken window, hoping that the light shining through the crevices would catch the eye of the lunatic if he passed by.

What answer should she make to the villain's proposition when he stood before her again? She would never marry him—never!

"Thou will do nothing of the kind!" replied the Parson, "and I will explain why."

He stated that the burning of the village would arouse the British to greater watchfulness than they had yet exhibited, and might recall Tarleton and his force. The enemy would now watch the Pass more closely, and make new efforts against the mountaineers, who might be driven into Tennessee after all. Orders might come from headquarters for them to evacuate the mountain and rejoin the army, and Captain Tracy must be in his proper place.

"Thou owest a greater duty to Liberty than to any thing else," continued the Parson, "and thou must remain here. I am too old to take the field, and my religion forbids, but I can go upon this errand for thee, and if there is need to burn powder in order to see justice done, I shall not hesitate."

It was long after daylight before they ceased arguing, and the Quaker finally carried his point and it was settled that he should go. During the day he was to pass down the mountain about twelve miles, and then, when he had darkness to conceal his movements, he would strike across the country to the house of Lonely Webster, a distance of twenty miles.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

CAPTAIN LISLE left the prison-house because he felt certain that the mountaineers had made

an attack, and as Mollie watched the heavens brighten, she was no less certain that the Parson had made good his word, and that her lover had come for her. He would find her father in jail, and her missing, and she prayed that some of the village people might explain it to him, or that Crazy Dan might deliver the letter, as he had promised. She could not say that the letter or the fullest explanation of the cause of her departure would affect her present situation, because there would be no one to tell him her programme had been changed by the plotting of Captain Lisle; but yet, it was a consolation to believe that her lover was in the village. The fire grew brighter and brighter, until its serpent-like shadows streamed clear across the floor. She watched them until near daylight, when they grew paler and finally died away.

Her own situation had hardly been thought of by the prisoner, but now, as she remembered the words of the captain, and the look which had accompanied them, she determined on finding some method of escape. She knew the house, having passed it several times, and she knew that it was a lonely road, and that she had no hope of escape except by her own exertions. For an hour she passed around and up and down, examining doors and windows, and vainly exerting her strength, and then she sat down with the conviction that she must remain a prisoner until the door was opened. Her independent spirit and naturally brave heart gave way at the utter helplessness of her situation, and her tears fell for the first time. Father in jail, her lover unaware of her situation, she helpless—the picture was a gloomy one. Captain Lisle had plotted well, but he would be cheated of his prey. She would neither consent to marry him, nor should he secure revenge. When he came at night, he would find her dead.

As she sat there hugging her gloomy resolve,

the voice of some one far away penetrated the house, and reached her ear. She started up and listened, and as it came nearer, she recognized the voice of Crazy Dan. He was singing in his harsh, unusual voice the words of a ballad which she herself had taught him, or tried to teach him, and he seemed to be passing along the road. What strange freak of fancy had Captain Lisle had plotted well, but he would be cheated of his prey. She would neither consent to marry him, nor should he secure revenge. When he came at night, he would find her dead.

More cavalry reinforced the enemy soon after noon, and as the Parson set out on his tramp down the range, the Colonists were busy fortifying, strengthening, and making ready for the threatened attack. The Quaker dared not follow the low road further than the spot where his humble cabin had once stood, and where he had turned his steps that way, she did not stop to ponder, but she called again and again to him, and almost shrieked in despair as the heavy walls threw back her cries. He did not hear her; he passed on, on, and his voice was finally lost in the distance. Throwing herself down, the girl sobbed and wept like one who had lost every hope.

She sat there hugging her gloomy resolve,

the voice of some one far away penetrated the house, and reached her ear. She started up and listened, and as it came nearer, she recognized the voice of Crazy Dan. He was singing in his harsh, unusual voice the words of a ballad which she herself had taught him, or tried to teach him, and he seemed to be passing along the road. What strange freak of fancy had Captain Lisle had plotted well, but he would be cheated of his prey. She would neither consent to marry him, nor should he secure revenge. When he came at night, he would find her dead.

More cavalry reinforced the enemy soon after noon, and as the Parson set out on his tramp down the range, the Colonists were busy fortifying, strengthening, and making ready for the threatened attack. The Quaker dared not follow the low road further than the spot where his humble cabin had once stood, and where he had turned his steps that way, she did not stop to ponder, but she called again and again to him, and almost shrieked in despair as the heavy walls threw back her cries. He did not hear her; he passed on, on, and his voice was finally lost in the distance. Throwing herself down, the girl sobbed and wept like one who had lost every hope.

He was whispering now, and she bent her ear to catch his words.

"It was a grand fire—a great blaze, and—how—it—made—the!"

She heard a gurgling, gasping noise, and he fell back, dead! Her tears covered his white face as she called him, but he had spoken his last word on earth.

Poor Dan! Over the valley there are no beclouded minds groping in darkness—nothing but rest and happiness for every soul which passes through the golden gates, the simplest among men may be the brightest among angels.

In after years they marked his grave with a marble slab. There was but one word—"Dan"—but the stranger who passes by and asks the quiet, simple country folk to explain the brief epitaph, will learn how their reverence one whose sacrifice could have been no greater had he possessed all the intellect of a statesman.

"Dead! dead! Poor boy!" sobbed Mollie, as she realized that little had departed, and she tenderly lifted the head and lowered it to the sod. She could do nothing to keep his life, and she could perform no kind offices after death. The body must remain there, how long she could not say. She broke off branches and covered the white face until she could no longer see it, and then her work was done. It was midnight, dark and lonely, and she knew not what to do or where to go.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### THE DISGRACED LOTALIST.

The charge against him was a malicious lie, and Stephen Graham felt that his detention would be brief. Had he known that his daughter contemplated a ride in search of Tarleton, he would have forbidden it, fearing for her safety and having no fear for his own. He did not know that she had gone until the jailer came in at dark and gave him the information.

"I am sorry for you, Stephen, very sorry," said the jailor, looking through the bars of the cell door.

"Why, you speak as if I were guilty of this offense charged."

"All others seem to think so!" continued the jailor. "It is a pretty hard thing when one turns about and shoots down those who believe their friend."

"You are all crazy, or else I have lost my own reason!" exclaimed the prisoner, roused to anger. "I defy the whole British army to prove a single disloyal act against me."

It was known all through the village that Farmer Graham had been arrested for treason, and men assembled under his grated window and groaned and hissed to show their contempt. The prisoner suspected a plot or plan on the part of others, but regarded the affair as a mistake which time would clear up. The daughter would return in a few hours, and he did not doubt that she would bring an order from Tarleton giving him his liberty.

He was fast asleep when the little band of Colonists rode into town and made such a brilliant fight around his prison. Looking from the window he saw everything. His eyes rested upon Captain Tracy as the fire blazed up, and he gnashed his teeth in rage that he had not a musket that he might shoot the rebel down. He had sacrificed and suffered in the King's cause, but his loyalty was yet unshaken, and his enthusiasm unabated.

When the flames seized hold of the old building and spread right and left, and the terror-stricken citizens saw that the town was doomed, the jail doors were thrown open, and Farmer Graham and the two or three other prisoners were given their liberty. He forgot that his loyalty had been questioned and that his neighbors had hissed him, and he was foremost in the labor of saving property and fighting the fire.

The flames were dying down when Captain Lisle rode up. Soldiers had shouted his name and citizens had inquired after him, but no one knew where he was to be found. He rode up at a gallop, coming from the north, and when he saw the destruction and learned that a number of his men had been killed or wounded, he acted like a madman. The conflict was over, and the flames had eaten their fill, and he could do nothing. His eye caught the form of Stephen Graham as he cursed and raved, and striking the farmer a heavy blow with the flat of his sabre, he shouted:

"It is this old traitor who is to blame! He is a spy—a hypocrite—a villain!"

The cry of "traitor!" was raised by the soldiers, many of whom had just arrived in the village and knew nothing of Graham's arrest, and they set upon him like wild beasts.

"Hang him! hang him!" yelled the soldiers, and Captain Lisle uttered no word of protest. He had his private reasons for desiring to get the farmer out of the way as soon as possible.

The soldiers rushed along the street with their victim, until, in the suburbs, they came to a proper tree, and a rope was noosed, and he was swung off without delay or ceremony. The deed had hardly been executed when those who went in pursuit of the mountaineers returned, and the crowd rushed off to hear their report, leaving no one to guard the body. The limb gave way under the farmer's struggles, and he came down, and his hands being free he was enabled to remove the noose. Struggling and gasping, he fell down half-dead, but revived after a few minutes and slowly staggered into a field. Securing a drink from the creek, and bathing his head, he regained strength enough to go forward and escape the enraged soldiers who now had returned to the tree.

A mile away from the village Stephen Graham sunk down in a thicket to curse and weep by turns—curse himself for his loyalty and shed bitter tears at the remembrance of the trials he had forced upon his daughter. She would come back to Plainwell, successful or unsuccessful, and finding him gone, where would she go? His home was destroyed; his goods in ashes, his money gone, and this was the reward of his devotion to his king. He was without a shelter, and he feared for his daughter's safety when she returned. Sick at heart and wishing that the rope had accomplished its work, he arose to go, but where should he go?

If Stephen Graham had plotted against those who loved liberty—he rejoiced when the torch made a desert of the plain, his sufferings of mind in that one hour wiped out the record against him. To the west of him was his own desolate homestead—beyond that the mountain which the Colonists were so bravely defending. He had hated and anathematized rebels, but the only hope he had now was that they would consent to receive and protect him.

All night long he dragged his way forward, once or twice narrowly escaping capture, hid himself in the woods next, and when daylight broke again he stood before Captain Tracy's advance picket. They took him back to the captain, and the old man became a child as he related the story of his wrongs and his sufferings.

"I see through it all now," said the captain, as he knew of the girl's errand, Captain Lisle's absence, return and display of brutality, "and I pray that the Parson may not be too late."

They could do nothing more than had been done. If the Parson had succeeded as well as he anticipated, he had reached the cross-roads

at midnight. Failing to hear from the girl there, he would work his way down to the burned village and likely intercept her on the road or get word to her. In any case she would probably hear from him within four or five days, unless he was captured, and there was hope that he would bring in the girl with him.

Farmer Graham saw many of his old neighbors before him, and he went about shaking hands and begging forgiveness for his past words and deeds. The men had heard of his ill-treatment, saw how broken he was in spirit, and they cheerfully buried the past and hoped for a better spirit. They saw that he was going to be ill, and he was sent back into the mountain where he could have kind words and tender nursing. The fever came on him even before he reached the hidden valley, and for days and days he was worse off in mind than poor Crazy Dan had ever been. Only the kind care of the women brought him back to reason and to convalescence.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE DEAD YOW.

"THERE hath been foul murder here!" said the Parson, as he looked around the cabin.

There was every indication of a terrible struggle for life and the murder of one of the parties—Mollie Graham. There was no longer any doubt in the Parson's mind that she had been trapped and that Captain Lisle had had his revenge, and the old Quaker trembled so that he had to sit down.

"There is a voice crying out in the wilderness for revenge!" he said to himself. "It is not my voice, but if I am brought face to face with the man who perpetrated this foul crime, I shall believe that I am the instrument appointed to balance the scales of Justice!"

Passing out of the cabin, he searched around for the body, but owing to the darkness the search was not an extended one. If daylight found him there, he might be discovered by Tories or soldiers, and he had had sufficient experience to make him prudent. If he found the body, he could not take it away, and after a little thought he deemed it best to get clear of the place as soon as possible. Bounding up the shawl and hat as sacred relics which must be preserved at all hazards, the Quaker left the place and headed for the west.

Daylight was near at hand, and he must find a hiding-place until another night would enable him to retrace his steps to the mountain. The country for a mile west of the red guide-board was covered with forest more or less, and the woods afforded the retreat he sought for. There was no one moving along the road, and he had heard no one but the unknown and unseen rider who had galloped at midnight.

Mounting the fence, the Quaker sat there a moment to listen. Something moved on the ground beneath his feet, and a negro suddenly straightened up, and said:

"Don't shoot—I's ready to go right back long wid ye!"

The Parson gave such a start that he nearly fell off the fence, but recovering his presence of mind after a moment, he leaped down, and said:

"My Ethiopian friend, it is well that thou spokest up as thou didst. I am now about to answer a few plain questions, and if thou prevaricate so much as the width of a hair, I may bury thee right here!"

"Oh! Jerusalem! it's old Preacher Warner!" exclaimed the negro, skipping about in his joy. He had often seen the Parson, and he knew him to be a good, kind man, and one who would not betray him.

"Thou shouldst not make use of bywords, and thou need not designate me as either old or young. Give me thy name and thy reason for being here."

The negro bore the name of Jake, and had fled from his master, living near Plainwell, to avoid a threatened whipping. He knew all about the jailing of Stephen Graham and the burning of the town, and he was quite sure that Mollie had not returned to the village.

"Thou talkest like an honest man!" said the Parson, after he had plied him with numerous questions; "but what dost thou propose to do now?"

"I spects I don't know," replied the negro, dubiously.

"Thou knowest that I have not the name of aiding runaway servants to leave their masters, but perhaps thou hadst better go along with me to the mountain and remain with the Colonists for a time."

"Dath what I'll do," replied Jake, and as they heard a vehicle moving along the road, they retreated into the woods to a safer place of concealment.

Daylight was not far away, and both felt secure enough to go to sleep. Their slumbers were not disturbed until near noon, when they heard the baying of hounds and the shouts of men.

"That means thee, Jacob!" said the Parson, sitting up.

"I's dun gone for!" replied the negro, shaking like a leaf.

The hounds are undoubtedly on thy track, but they have not struck it yet. Move with me, and if thou keep up a stout heart, we may escape them."

They ran to the west, and coming upon the creek, they entered it and waded a distance, and then left it and entered a thicket. The hounds came quite near, but suddenly bore off to the west, and their deep voices were soon lost to hearing.

"It was not thy track which they scented," remarked the Parson, "but that of some other unfortunate, who will have need of a brave heart."

An hour passed, and as they heard nothing more from the hounds, the negro crawled out to get a drink. He satisfied his thirst, and then, raising his head, he caught sight of something across the creek which made his teeth chatter.

"Dere's a man a-lyin' in de bushes!" he whispered to the Parson, crawling back in great terror.

The Parson took an observation, and something told him that death had been at work. Crossing the creek, he removed the bushes from the form and a groan escaped him:

"Crazy Dan!"

Yes, it was the dead body of the lunatic. The face was ghastly white, but the Parson identified it at a glance. He had no need to search for the cause of death; the red blood had poured out of the horrible wound until it had saturated the clothing and dyed the green leaves black.

"What monster has done this?" he gasped, as he saw that murder had been committed.

"Surely, there must come a day of retribution in which murderers disguised as soldiers will be made to pay the penalty of their dastardly crimes!"

"Dat's de crazy boy Dan!" whispered the negro, not daring to approach the corpse.

"Yes, it's the simple-minded, honest-hearted lad," replied the Parson, "and some one has met him in the woods and murdered him, Jacob. I had been conscience-stricken for leaving my path of peace and religion, and on my knees I had asked to be forgiven; but here,

in the presence of this dead boy, I say to thee that he would work his way down to the burned village and likely intercept her on the road or get word to her. In any case she would probably hear from him within four or five days, unless he was captured, and there was hope that he would bring in the girl with him.

It was a strange sight to see them kneeling together in that wild spot, the grand old trees whispering softly in the wind, and the creek hushing its babble that the low, solemn words of the sorrowing Parson might not be lost to heaven. The mocking-bird swung on its branch and listened to the whispered words, forgetting its own voice for the while, and the great vultures soaring aloft sailed heavily away as they looked down and saw that he had been robbed of their prey.

"We must find some way to bury him," said the Parson as they rose up, and they began searching. Not far away an overturning tree had thrown up a bank of gravel, and the body was tenderly carried to the place. Broad green leaves were plucked for a shroud, and young branches were broken off again to shield the white face from the earth.

When all was ready, enough of the bank was broken off to cover the body, and the men, blinded by the mist before their eyes, crept back to the thicket without a word.

The trees roared loudly as the south wind rushed through their branches, and the brook gurgled and sung again to rouse the mocking-bird from his reverie in the whispering pine.

(To be continued—continued in No. 180.)

#### The Mexican Guide.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAM.

A SMALL band of fugitives were huddled together in a frightened group, eagerly glancing in every direction around, as if in terrible fear that each moment would bring danger into their midst, for the scene lies in Mexico, that land of strange adventure.

Some twenty persons comprised the party, consisting of both men and women, but of the number three were most prominent—a gray-haired, gray-mustached Mexican gentleman of fifty, well mounted and armed, and holding the rein of a neat-limbed horse, upon which was mounted a maiden of eighteen, whose closely-fitting habit displayed a form of faultless grace as she sat upright on the saddle, and eagerly glancing around her with her darkly lustrous eyes, in which dwelt a shade of melancholy.

The third individual, attracting marked attention, was a young man of twenty-five, above the usual height of Mexicans, but whose dark hair and eyes, sun-browned, handsome face, and Mexican uniform, denoted his nationality for he was a major of cavalry in the service of his country.

The remaining persons, forming the cavalcade, were male and female servants, but one and all wore a distressed look, as well as one of fear of a greater evil.

It was the household of the wealthy Don Ariol Alval, and a few hours before the beautiful home of the Don had been attacked by a band of robbers from the mountains, led on by the daring chief, "Ira, the Bandit," as he was called, and the old gentleman, with his daughter, Stella, and her lover, Major Calvin Salvator, accompanied by a number of servants, had, after great difficulty, made their escape through an underground passage leading to the stable, where they had mounted in hot haste and fled for their lives.

But a sad blow had befallen them, for Celine, the second daughter of the brave old Don, and if any thing more beautiful than her sister Stella, had remained a prisoner in Ira's hands.

There was no time to attempt her rescue, with the bandits crowding through every part of the hacienda, and with reluctance they turned to fly, hoping at some future day to obtain the lovely Celine, by the offer of a large reward, while Major Calvin Salvator, one of the bravest officers in the service, swore he would take his regiment, were ransom refused, and wrest her from the bandit chief's power.

But hardly had the cavalcade ridden ten miles, when they discovered that they were pursued by a large number of the robber band, and rapidly did they ride on, until, entering a small glen between two mountain ranges, they suddenly came to a halt, for nowhere around them could they find means of escape from their pursuers, who came yelling behind them, about a mile distant, knowing that, by taking the glen road, they were shut off from egress to the mountains beyond, and therefore must be taken prisoners.

Thus they are brought before the reader. Eagerly glancing around them for some chance of escape, and seeing none, Major Salvator, the Don, and the male servants, are preparing to sell their lives dearly, when an ejaculation from Stella causes them to look up, and they behold, leisurely coming toward them, a horseman of most striking appearance.

Fifty six feet in height, he was clothed in a suit of well-dressed buck-skin, delicately fringed, and trimmed most elaborately, the whole fitting his noble form like a glove, while the half-cape, drooping from his shoulders, but added to the breadth and grandeur of his graceful figure. The face of the stranger was that of a young man of thirty, and though by Southern suns, it was blonde in complexion, while his long, curling hair and silken mustache were of a light-brown shade, contrasting well with eyes of the darkest blue.

Across his shoulders swung a rifle of late invention, carrying seven shots without reloading, while in his belt were two large revolvers of the navy pattern, and mates to another pair in his saddle-holsters. Also in his belt he wore a large knife known as the "Bowie," besides a short saber hanging from his saddle-bow, which of the Mexican pattern, bore at its back a roll for clothing, provisions and the never-failing blanket.

Another glance at the stranger displayed his feet incased in handsome-fitting boots, armed with heavy gold spurs, while in the boot-legs, worn outside the leggings, were pistol-holsters, containing two small-sized repeaters.

The horse, like his master, was a study, for though a giant in size, he was formed like a gazelle, delicate in every limb, and black as night; he appeared to disregard the weight he bore, as with proud step, arched neck, and clamping the massive Mexican bit, he came on quickly toward the cavalcade, who in astonishment admiration were awaiting his approach.

"Friends, I greet you good-day," said the stranger, in pleasant tones, and with a fascinating smile upon his face, as he raised his broad sombrero, encircled by a chain of gold.

"Good-day, senor; yet I fear it will be a sad day for us," answered the Don, speaking, as had the stranger, in the Mexican tongue.

"How so? Ha! what have we there?—the bandits! I see all now; you are in danger—follow me—quickly!"

The stranger spoke rapidly, and immediately turning his horse, set off up the glen at a rapid gallop, followed by the whole party, for only a few hundred yards now separated them from the bandits.

With perfect trust in their strange guide, the

party pressed on, along dangerous paths, over small gullies, across running streams, until a mile had been passed, when suddenly the horseman dashed into a deep ravine and turned his steed against the current, simply saying: "Follow me."

Two hundred yards up the stream and the entire party, stemming the rapid current, had passed through lofty banks of rocks, and come out three hundred feet above the level of the glen, to which they had believed there was no outlet, except the one they had come.

Far below them they saw the bandits, at fault, for nowhere could they discover any trace of the fugitives.

"Now you are

# THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

## Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a dealer, or those who desire to have it sent direct, by mail from the publishers offices, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00  
Two copies, one year \$2.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscribers can renew their contracts, and Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepare American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
92 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A. P. Morris' New Romance, soon to appear in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, will be perused with eager interest. It is a tale of varied elements of action, event and character, and as a story is exceedingly enticing. The perils of orphan life—the insanity of the burning desire for revenge—the power there is in money to make people do wrong—all are vividly brought out in the highly dramatic narrative.

### Our Arm-Chair.

**Chat.**—Our Woman's World announces what is and what is to be in the coming styles. Mysterious news! Bonnets are to have a low, broad crown and high coronet and be bonnet or hat. And are to be trimmed with currant red and dragon's blood colored ribbon. And the hair is to be worn higher up on the head—in fact is to be tiered up in stories, like a Pisan tower.—"Law, Suz!" old Mrs. Tomoddy exclaims, "be this hat agoin' on top o' that tower?" Certainly, you old cabbage-head; and we are going to have Congress pass a law that every lady shall run up the American flag out of the top of that tower, in which event the bonnet will be the "liberty cap" to the flag-pole. Any thing for sensation, you see. "But the wimmen folks won't wear no such contraption?" you say. Won't they? Why, if it was "the style," they would have a live monkey on the end of that flag-pole and wear their bonnet on a ten-foot stick. The fact is, Mother Tomoddy, you have lived too long; you are a kind of terror to your girls, and will have to be knocked down in the eye of God.

We are talked to and preached at, but it does not seem to improve us one whit, simply because we don't try to remedy our faults ourselves. That car incident might seem trivial to others, but in it there was a great lesson learned by

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

Glorious News! Atlantic Safely Crossed by the Saturday Journal's Balloon, the "Aeronauticon," under Command of Washington Whitehorn. Special Dispatch by Cable to the New York Saturday Journal.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I have the great pleasure that I inform you of the safe passage of the Atlantic of the monster balloon, which was fitted out under the auspices of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—the largest ever constructed. For the benefit of your readers allow me to give a description of this celebrated car of Aer, which was built entirely under my own supervision, as I knew all about taking flights in the air, having been tossed high in the sky often when I was a boy by mad steers, and having served my time in making cats navigate the air from the end of kite tails.

This balloon, to prevent the wind blowing it over, had a firm foundation wall of solid stone, and instead of being constructed of silk or canvas, was built entirely of weather-boarding, with a shingle roof, three stories high, and terra-cotta chimneys.

A portico ran the whole length of the front, and splendid stone steps went up to the front door.

This Aeronauticon was fully provisioned for a year's voyage, provided it should last that long, and was inflated with laughing gas on the evening of July 32<sup>nd</sup> A. D. 1873, in presence of a vast concourse of people, and one and all said they were sure that we were in danger of making a safe voyage.

There were three others in the balloon besides myself. Each one was provided with cork life-preservers to swim in the air with, in case he fell out, and also a feather-bed to take along with him, should he happen to fall to the ground. Three kegs of beer were put in for ballast, a cushion deck was added to help lightened time should weigh too heavily on the balloon and us.

The following is taken from my memorandum book:

Six o'clock. The rope being cut, we sailed straight up for four miles, when, through the carelessness of Smith, who, without due precaution, shifted his quid of tobacco over to his right cheek, the balloon turned upside down, and all hands fell up-stairs, and came near falling out of the chimneys. Here we were, far above the earth in this horrible position, and nothing but my great presence of mind and deep foresight prevented the entire failure of the expedition, for I jumped out with all hands, and getting levers under the balloon, we pried it right side up again. Told Smith to be more careful next time, and we started again, with the wind blowing east at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and no stations to stop at.

Half-past six. Examined our case of scientific instruments, and found all in order except the jewsharp; but the corkscrew is missing. Finding we were just now descending too rapidly, suggested that we proceed to reduce the ballast by drinking beer; drank half a gallon each, and the balloon is now rising. North and south poles are seen very plainly. New York, as seen through the bottom of a glass bottle, looks very hazy in the distance. Evening very cool; had to order the porter to make a roaring fire in the fireplace, and let the windows down.

Half-past eight. Just let a brick drop, and after waiting to hear it plunge into the sea, find we are just fourteen miles up. Balloon showed signs of turning over again when Brown thoughtlessly got his feet over too much on one side to tramp on his partner's foot as we were making scientific observations on the easterly deck, and we found it necessary to throw out ropes preparatory to climbing down in case the Aeronauticon went to pieces. Every thing all right now, and progressing finely, except these scientific pursuits, which seem to be a little interrupted on account of Robinson, who, picking up one of the counters, insists that the last trick is his, because the deuce is one more than the premises!

THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

### A CAR INCIDENT.

We were rushing through the country in those railway cars, and how we did wonder if we should reach our destination unharmed and sans broken limbs, when our cogitations—by no means agreeable ones, as they were thoughts of possible accidents—were interrupted by noticing a wan-looking man, clad in Uncle Sam's blue uniform, who handed us a book, which he wished us to purchase.

It was no heavy book, but merely a few printed pages, plainly stitched together, mentioning the various battles he had been in, and the one in which he received the bullet that caused him the loss of a leg and gave him a shattered arm. I bought a copy, more to help the poor man than from any enjoyment I might get out of a volume chronicling the sufferings of my poor fellow-beings. I just took a survey of the premises to see what would happen.

The next person he offered his book to was a young miss, who had one continual smirk upon her face, as though she considered herself to be the personification of beautiful simplicity. But you ought to have seen the frown that came over her features as the book was handed her. She couldn't afford to throw away twenty-five cents in such a manner, not she! Yet it wasn't five minutes ago she spent that amount in candies and apples. Supposing the book could be read through in ten minutes, was that any reason she shouldn't help this poor soldier?

The next one admitted was a young man, who gave a shrug of his shoulders, a grunt like a hog, and a negative nod of his head. Times were too hard for him to buy such things. Times didn't seem so hard but what he could buy tobacco, cigars, and one of those vile illustrated sheets that no decent person would look at. I wish he had been my brother just for three minutes, so I could have given him a gen-

tle shaking, and after that I wouldn't care whose paternal relative he was so long as he wasn't mine.

The soldier needn't have addressed that fat-looking individual, for there was no glow of charity in his countenance; he had done his "duty" to his country during the war by making a fortune—yet not in a very honorable manner, either; how could any one with a particle of common sense expect aid from him?

But that poorly clad woman did not nod her head. Her thoughts went back to the time when her son had found a soldier's grave in Southern soil, and she could feel for others though her own heart was sore. Perhaps she deprived herself of some needed comfort as she pressed the required sum in the man's hand; but she gave him more than money—she gave him a "God always prosper you," and did not those words make his tired heart better able to bear the buffetts and repulses he had met with and had yet to encounter?

When I see the many unkindnesses that daily beset my path, I feel like uttering the same remark made to me once by a little street-sweeper, whom I had given a few coppers to. "Why can't all folks be kind and good and generous, when it's just as easy as to push us aside with a growl?"

Well, why can't we?

Because we are selfish, and because we are not unfortunate ourselves, we can not see any reason that others should be so. We seem to imagine that the Golden Rule was intended for a past generation and by no means had any thing to do with us. If we believe in being charitable at all we also believe that we should sit with arms folded and let others do what is duty to perform. Now that belief will never get us to heaven. It will make us look even more mean and despicable than we now are in the eye of God.

We are talked to and preached at, but it does not seem to improve us one whit, simply because we don't try to remedy our faults ourselves. That car incident might seem trivial to others, but in it there was a great lesson learned by

too, by Brown having nightmare, and then wanting to go home; tried to persuade him to go; he declined, saying he always hated to venture out alone in the night, but if Robinson would go with him, he would walk back to New York; but he was persuaded to take a "night-cap." He remained.

Nine o'clock. Are descending rapidly; jumped out and tried to hold balloon back; no use; lightened ballast in the kegs to no effect; held council of war to determine whether we should not all abandon the balloon. Sea in sight, and rapidly nearing; perhaps this is our last hour. If I should never survive, I would take it as a great favor if some kind-hearted gentleman would pay that little bill I owe the big tailor, or the big bill which I owe the little butcher. I should be satisfied if this was done. These never bothered me till now. I never knew what a change would come over a man in presence of danger. I seal this in an empty bottle, which was easy to find, and shall cast it out directly.

Eleven o'clock. We were just ready to drop on the deck of a Cunard steamship, when all the passengers raised a terrific squall which checked our descent and carried us into a current of air blowing eastward, and we have been scudding along finely at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour, at a height of three hundred feet.

We have taken observations at the barometer, with sugar and lemon in it, and find that we are rapidly nearing the English coast. As this expedition is in the cause of science, we have resumed our scientific studies, and Jones went ahead on the last deal with only one to go.

One o'clock, P. M. Hailed several vessels; all wanted us to drop them a line and let them hitch on, but had to decline as we were in a hurry and couldn't stop. Are now ascending with great velocity. Have just ordered all hands to get up on their feet and bear down with all their might to check the ascent, but it don't work. Are now among the clouds; and now we are stuck between two very dense clouds and are fearful of being crushed to death.

Two o'clock. Have just succeeded in pushing the clouds away with long poles, and have let a long rope down with a heavy weight attached to it to pull us down; are slowly descending, but still moving eastward. Ireland in sight! Erin go bragh!

Four, P. M. Passed over the city of Cork; took fourteen steeples off; people thought it was the Day of Judgment coming in the air; are now over the Channel; Jones lost his balance and fell out just now, but I sent Smith down after him, quick. He caught him before he reached the water by the coat-tails; brought him back all right. Are now over England and rapidly approaching London, but veering a little to the south of it. Must get all hands out and dry balloon around a little more. Shall light in front of Langham Hotel just in time for supper. All well.

Here ends memorandum. We landed without any difficulty, though balloon came down on a crowd and killed sixteen men, but they didn't say a word about it. In the language of Shakespeare, "We are all hunky dory." We expect to return the same way and shall start in a few days. Till then, adieu.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,  
Air-naught.

### Woman's World.

Coming Fashions in Fabrics, Colors, Hats, Bonnets and Ornaments.—The Hair, Crinoline and Short Dresses.—How to Make Old Clothes almost as good as New.

For several weeks before the fashions of a new season are announced, there is a whisper of coming styles among the dry-goods and millinery merchants. Fabrics are the first things that we see changing their appearance as they lie on the counters. Before summer is well over, and while her gauzy tissues in their delicate blues still tempt the late purchaser to one more dress before the warm days are over, there is seen among these sheer materials a sprinkling of the first fall goods, and those who hasten back to town before the first of September, with nothing to do but to begin the preparation for the coming winter campaign of pleasure or business, will find the dappled dry-goods clerk ready to show and sell "the earliest importations" from Europe, and first seasonable "productions" of the American manufacturer for fall dresses.

The impression made on my mind by a hasty survey I have made of these first temptations, since my return to the city this fall, is, that while we are to have a repetition of the fabrics and colors of last winter in the new goods, they are in deeper, fuller tints, and the materials are even more limp and flexible than those we admired so much last season, for their peculiar adaptability to soft, graceful drapery.

Some new camel's hair goods which have been opened, show a tufted surface, the tufts being round and having the effect of polka dots. This material is soft, silken, immensely wide, and durable beyond any thing sold, for polonaises, redingotes or outer garments. Plum and a dark silver gray are the most frequent colors of this fabric. It is over two yards wide, and is now priced at \$4 a yard.

Half-past six. Examined our case of scientific instruments, and found all in order except the jewsharp; but the corkscrew is missing. Finding we were just now descending too rapidly, suggested that we proceed to reduce the ballast by drinking beer; drank half a gallon each, and the balloon is now rising. North and south poles are seen very plainly. New York, as seen through the bottom of a glass bottle, looks very hazy in the distance. Evening very cool; had to order the porter to make a roaring fire in the fireplace, and let the windows down.

Half-past eight. Just let a brick drop, and after waiting to hear it plunge into the sea, find we are just fourteen miles up. Balloon showed signs of turning over again when Brown thoughtlessly got his feet over too much on one side to tramp on his partner's foot as we were making scientific observations on the easterly deck, and we found it necessary to throw out ropes preparatory to climbing down in case the Aeronauticon went to pieces. Every thing all right now, and progressing finely, except these scientific pursuits, which seem to be a little interrupted on account of Robinson, who, picking up one of the counters, insists that the last trick is his, because the deuce is one more than the premises!

THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

### A CAR INCIDENT.

We were rushing through the country in those railway cars, and how we did wonder if we should reach our destination unharmed and sans broken limbs, when our cogitations—by no means agreeable ones, as they were thoughts of possible accidents—were interrupted by noticing a wan-looking man, clad in Uncle Sam's blue uniform, who handed us a book, which he wished us to purchase.

It was no heavy book, but merely a few printed pages, plainly stitched together, mentioning the various battles he had been in, and the one in which he received the bullet that caused him the loss of a leg and gave him a shattered arm. I bought a copy, more to help the poor man than from any enjoyment I might get out of a volume chronicling the sufferings of my poor fellow-beings. I just took a survey of the premises to see what would happen.

The next person he offered his book to was a young miss, who had one continual smirk upon her face, as though she considered herself to be the personification of beautiful simplicity. But you ought to have seen the frown that came over her features as the book was handed her. She couldn't afford to throw away twenty-five cents in such a manner, not she! Yet it wasn't five minutes ago she spent that amount in candies and apples. Supposing the book could be read through in ten minutes, was that any reason she shouldn't help this poor soldier?

The next one admitted was a young man, who gave a shrug of his shoulders, a grunt like a hog, and a negative nod of his head. Times were too hard for him to buy such things. Times didn't seem so hard but what he could buy tobacco, cigars, and one of those vile illustrated sheets that no decent person would look at. I wish he had been my brother just for three minutes, so I could have given him a gen-

tle shaking, and after that I wouldn't care whose paternal relative he was so long as he wasn't mine.

The soldier needn't have addressed that fat-looking individual, for there was no glow of charity in his countenance; he had done his "duty" to his country during the war by making a fortune—yet not in a very honorable manner, either; how could any one with a particle of common sense expect aid from him?

Nine o'clock. Are descending rapidly; jumped out and tried to hold balloon back; no use; lightened ballast in the kegs to no effect; held council of war to determine whether we should not all abandon the balloon. Sea in sight, and rapidly nearing; perhaps this is our last hour. If I should never survive, I would take it as a great favor if some kind-hearted gentleman would pay that little bill I owe the big tailor, or the big bill which I owe the little butcher. I should be satisfied if this was done. These never bothered me till now. I never knew what a change would come over a man in presence of danger. I seal this in an empty bottle, which was easy to find, and shall cast it out directly.

Ten o'clock. We were just ready to drop on the deck of a Cunard steamship, when all the passengers raised a terrific squall which checked our descent and carried us into a current of air blowing eastward, and we have been scudding along finely at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour, at a height of three hundred feet.

We have taken observations at the barometer,

worn under the brims of black velvet round hats, while sweeping plumes are to adorn them, floating around or above the crown. Finely-cut steel, and seeded jet ornaments, are used for trimmings on all the imported hats for the coming season.

Now, while I have mentioned what will be the prevailing New York styles, I must not forget to apprise my readers that the real Parisian winter fashions are never brought out till near December. The truly fashionable Parisian stays in the country till the latter part of November. Among these ultra fashions it is rumored there is to be a revival of the short-skirt walking dress, worn with a jacket or Dolman wrap—no tunic and no polonaise. But if this sensible style of attire is worn in Paris, we can not hope to have it in New York before next spring. The skirts of these short dresses are to be elaborately trimmed with ruffles, puffs and flounces, and a simulated tour-

nure drapery in the back.

The hair will not be worn any lower. On the contrary, the indications now are that it will go up higher still, and be arranged in a number of puffs, bands and braids, till it resembles a tower on the top of the head. So at least say my friends just returned from the French capital.

Of course we must look to that column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following we shall find room for in our "accepted" receptacle: "Tempted;" "A Beautiful Presence;" "How" (if original); "Eleven Years Ago;" "A Very Matter-of-fact Story;" "The Velvet-headed Crutch;" "True Mother's Plan;" "The Wrong Face;" "Answ'rer to a Riddle;" "A California Adventure;" "The Royal Cousins;" "Our Charlie;" "Household Pets;" "A Pean;" "How Howard Hunt Hunted;" "A Piece of News;" "How the Gad;" "Patient Pals;" "The Wagons."

Grace Murray's poem is most excellent if it is all her own, as we trust it is.

Authors who remit MSS. twisted or rolled tightly must wait several weeks for the *Journal*, to flatten out again so that we may receive them.

Authors always should write their full address on some inside page may never be noticed.

FRED B. We have no faith in the firm named, or in any person who will do a business of the nature which we infer from your inquiry.—Our second query we do not comprehend.

MR. MANN. "Old Hercules" will cost 42 cents. None of Capt. Marryatt's novels are included in Beadle's Dime Novel Series. All novels in that series are original by the very best living writers.—Ned Buntline has written quite a number of the American Tales Series, and is followed by Beadle.

DRAZENS. Gold prospecting in New Mexico is a useless waste of time and means. No gold-hunting or mining pays now but that where immense capital and machinery are interested.—For two heavy young men we should say cattle raising in Texas or Kansas was a capital business.—Ask some general ticket agent regarding fares.

# THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

## HOPE.

BY "CAPE MYRTLE."

This life is a checkered valley,  
The cycle of time its king,  
And in each turn the ponderous wheel,  
Some eminent changes bring;  
To one head gold and fortune,  
Exempt from toil and care,  
To another the waters of Marah,  
And the poison of dark despair.

To some the musical singing  
Of soul-eyed damsels' voices,  
The smiling bounty of pleasure,  
Or sorrow a sweet surcease;  
Where reared in the lap of pleasure,  
They float on the billowy main,  
And laugh at the fleeting hours,  
And welcome the golden gain.

To another this wheel of fortune  
Turns frowningly gloomy with strife,  
And wretchedness fills the plenty.  
A cold, thin, warm-blooded life.  
It rolls o'er the care-laden victims,  
Giants o'er the pain they display,  
Lurks in each crevice and corner,  
And frightens the sunshine away.

Ah! fortune is chary and fickle,  
And fortune is partial, we know;  
She carries the trumpet of plenty—  
She aches the poison of woe.  
Yet there's a bright fresh heaven,  
A sun in the purest world,  
This lashed alike on high and low  
Through the wide precincts of earth.

This heavenly bower is fadless,  
This illex-green garland of light,  
This unclouded crystal of virtue,  
This beautiful gem of delight,  
Known to the needy and friendless,  
As through the darkness they grope,  
Seductive, yet sweet is its power,  
And we call it the pleasures of hope.

Hope flows on, though now so weary,  
Hope恋s the cross of all sin,  
Hope enters the homes of the wretched,  
And sweetens grief's goblet of gall.  
Hope hangs o'er the bed of the dying,  
Hope lifts the bowed head of despair,  
Hope urges us on in our struggles,  
And loosens the shackles of care.

## Josie's Jealousy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I DON'T see how I can very well avoid it," said Josie.

Keith Evelyn spoke in a pleasant tone enough, and smiled as he looked across the room at his pretty little sweetheart.

Josie Newton was really very pretty, generally speaking; but, just now, there was an angry lurid light in her gray eyes, and Mr. Evelyn knew a storm was coming when he saw that ominous curl at the corners of her short, curved upper lip.

But like the tender lover of willful Josie was he, who tried his best to smooth away the gathering frowns, and smiled pleasantly as he said:

"I don't see how I can very well avoid it," he said.

"But you must, Keith, I tell you! unless you prefer going without me, which I dare say you do."

"You know I do not want to do that, dear; and I think now as I thought a week ago, that the fact of my cousin Rita's accompanying us need make no difference to you."

"But it does make a vast difference. Do you think I'd be seen at a ball in company with a gentleman who escorted two ladies? Thanks, no! I would prefer to remain home, as I certainly shall do if Miss Rita Gordon goes with you!"

"She expects to go, Josie; she is my mother's guest; what can I do?"

Mr. Evelyn was getting just a little out of patience, and proportionately Josie fired freshly up.

"Do just which suits you best, of course; which is—to take this charming cousin and leave me home—no, I have an invitation from Captain Lawrie. I'll go with him."

She was watching the effect her information would have, but was hardly prepared for the burst of indignation that followed.

"By Heavens, Josie Newton, you will not go to the ball with that man!"

"Won't I?" and she smiled carelessly. "If you take Rita Gordon, I do, most assuredly."

He wheeled sharply around so as to confront her.

"Josie, this jealousy of yours is unbearable. You know I am bound, by common courtesy, not to neglect my mother's guest. You know this, I say, and yet persist in such a foolish, unladylike—"

"Mr. Evelyn, that will do. Good-evening." It was their first quarrel, and Josie swept past him with the dignity of an empress.

Keith flushed at his summary dismissal, but quietly withdrew.

The lights in Josie Newton's dressing-room fell on a scene that reminded one of a detached slice of fairy-land.

There was the glimmer of tissues, golden and glowing scarlet; the soft shimmer of lustrous satin, white as wax; tiny golden slippers, small as Cinderella's, anklets of ravishing beauty, and bracelets to match.

And Josie, arrayed in all this glittering splendor, looked the very ideal of a Moorish princess, with her glorious almond-shaped gray eyes, and long, straight black hair.

A fanciful talma of reddish-gold cloth lay ready to don, and beside it a mask; and Josie stood, nervously drawing on her flesh-colored coat, a heightened color in her cheeks, and a restless light in her eyes.

"Keith is late, isn't he, dear? it's nearly time for *l'entree* now."

Mrs. Newton consulted her watch as she spoke.

"Keith's not coming for me, mamma. He prefers to escort Miss Gordon."

"Not coming? Who is going with you, child?"

"Capt. Lawrie."

Josie strove to speak cheerily, but her heart failed her, and she was not reassured at the look of horror on her mother's face.

"Why, Josephine Newton, what does this mean? I am mortified, wounded, yes, terrified that this man—a married man, too—is in the same cab with us."

"Well, where's the harm? Keith was stubborn, and I'll never give in to him, you know. Besides, Jennie Armer and her brother are going in the same cab with us."

Mrs. Newton drew a breath of relief.

"That's better; but your brother Jim shall come home with you. He's gone, or I should insist on his taking you."

There was a ring at the door, and directly Josie went down and was assisted in the cab by her escort—a tall, elegant man, in Brigand costume.

"I thought Jennie was to be here, Captain Lawrie?" she asked, the moment she was inside, in some surprise—and distress.

"Did not want her—did you?—prefer private *tete-a-tetes*?"

Heavens! Capt. Lawrie was drunk!—else why that thick, husky, almost unintelligible voice, and that shocking familiarity of address?

Josie's blood seemed to curdle in her veins; what should she do?—what would her mother—Keith—say?

"Stop the cab, Captain Lawrie, I've forgotten something. I want to get out."

In truth she had—forgotten her dignity in permitting herself to come with this man.

"No, you don't! You're afraid o' me, ain't you? I ain't drunk!"

Just then, the cab rolled up to the brilliant entrance of the Opera House, and almost with a scream of relief, Josie sprang out and rushed to the ladies' dressing-room, where to Jennie Armer she poured out her distress.

"You shall march in with brother Will; and Josie followed Jennie's low, cautious direction to "look," and in truth it was a splendid girl, in a trained evening-dress of magnificent amber satin, who leaned so closely, and talked so freely, to Keith.

Miss Rita Gordon—Josie knew her by intuition—was not masked, though Evelyn was; and Josie knew him by his suit—a full Louis XIV. court costume.

He had bent his head close down to Rita's, and she smiled and blushed at something he said.

Then, as Fate would have it, she and Will Armer were just behind Keith and Rita in the march; and then it was that her misery culminated, when she distinctly heard Keith say:

"Don't forget now, Rita, a *tete-a-tete* supper at one."

So this lover of hers had so soon made arrangements for *tete-a-tete* suppers with this beautiful cousin! Well, if Keith fell in love with Rita Gordon, she wondered if she'd always feel as utterly wretched as she did then and there, leaning on Will Armer's arm, and listening to Keith's low, confidential tones.

Once she heard Rita mention her own name, and both laughed; then the Lanciers formed suddenly, and that was all of it just then.

Later, when the music and the garish lights made her head—or heart—ache unbearably, she stole up to the dressing-room, and sent the chambermaid down to get a carriage at once for her; she leaned back in her rocking-chair, covering her face with her hands, wondering if Rita and Keith were dancing still, when a high, clear voice from an adjoining room made her receive by him.

It is ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his clatter of spoons, forks and dishes.

"I wonder how Josie is making out? Did you notice how languidly she danced?"

That was Mr. Evelyn who said that, and Josie's cheek burned.

"Her brother Jim must have personated Captain Lawrie to perfection, for Jennie—Jennie Armer is in the secret, you know—she said poor little Joe was frightened half to death."

"How I wish I had gone to see her, Keith, and persuaded her to come with us; but, perhaps your plan was best. If it only cures her of jealousy. I don't know what my lover down in Maine would think if—"

Josie sprung from her chair, the happy, penitent tears in her eyes, and rushed into the next room.

"Oh, Keith, Keith, I'm so glad and so sorry! You'll forgive me though, won't you?"

A cordial reconciliation occurred, and Rita and Josie at once became fast friends.

## The Specter Barque.

### A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,  
AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER LIII.

LAND HO!

THE cry comes from a man stationed on the fore-topmast cross-trees of the Condor.

Since sunrise he has been aloft, on the lookout for land, and has just sighted it.

Captain Lautanas is not quite certain of what land it is. He knows it is the Veracuan coast, but as yet does not recognize the particular part.

Noon coming soon after, with a clear, unclouded sky, enables him to catch the sun in its meridian passage, and make sure of a good sight. This gives him for latitude,  $7^{\circ} 20' N.$

The chronometer has furnished him with his longitude  $82^{\circ} 12' W.$

As the Chilean skipper is a skilled observer, and has confidence in the observations he has made, the land in sight should be the Island of Coiba, or an islet that covers it, called Hicarou.

Both are off the Coast of Veracuan, westward from Panama Bay, and about a hundred miles from its mouth. Into this the Chilean barque is seeking to make entrance.

Having ciphered out his noon reckoning, the skipper enters it in his log. LAT.  $7^{\circ} 20' N.$ ; LONG.  $82^{\circ} 12' W.$  WIND W. S. W. LIGHT BREEZE."

While penning these slight memoranda, little dreams Captain Lautanas how important they may one day become. The night before, while taking an observation of the stars, could he have read them astrologically, he might have discovered many a chance against his ever making another entry in the log-book of the Condor.

A wind west-sou'-west is favorable for entering the Bay of Panama. A ship steering round Cabo Mala, once she has weathered this much-dreaded headland, will have it on her starboard quarter. But the Condor, coming down the coast from north, has it nearly abeam, and Captain Lautanas, perceiving that he has run a little too near the coast, cries out to the man at the wheel:

"Put the helm down! Keep well off the land!"

Saying this, he lights a cigarrito; for a moment caresses himself with his pips; and then, ascending to the poop-deck, enters into conversation with more refined company—his lady passengers. These, with Don Gregorio, have gone up some time before, and stand on the port side gazing on the land, and joyfully as they have seen for several weeks—indeed since leaving California. The voyage has been somewhat wearisome, for the Condor has encountered adverse gales, to say nothing of time spent in traversing more than three thousand miles of trackless ocean waste.

The sight of land, with the thought of soon setting foot on it, makes all gleeful; and Captain Lautanas adds to this by assuring them that in less than twenty-four hours he will enter the Bay of Panama, and in twenty-four after, bring his barque alongside the wharf of that ancient port so oft pillaged by the buccaneers. It is scarcely a damper when he adds, "wind and weather permitting," for the sky is of sapphire-blue, and the wind wafting them in the right direction.

After staying an hour or so on deck, indulging in cheerful conversation, the tropic sun becoming intensely hot, drives them down to the cabins, there to seek shade, and take *sesas*, the siesta of all Spanish-Americans.

The Chilean skipper is also accustomed to have his afternoon nap. There is no reason for his remaining on deck. He has determined his reckoning, and set the Condor on her course.

Sailing in such a calm sea, he may go to sleep without anxiety on his mind. And leaving his second mate in charge—the first being off watch—he descends to the cabin, and enters his own sleeping-room, on the starboard side.

Before lying down, he summons the cook, and gives orders for a dinner, to be dressed in the best style the Condor's stores can furnish. It is in celebration of their having sighted land.

Then stretching himself along a sofa, he is soon slumbering profoundly, as one with nothing on his conscience to keep him awake. For a time the Condor's decks seemed deserted; no one is seen save the helmsman, and the second mate by his side. The sailors not on duty have betaken themselves to the forecastle, and lie lolling in their bunks, while those of the working-watch, with no work to do, have sought shady corners to escape from the tropic sun. It is disagreeably hot, for the breeze has been gradually dying away, and is now so light that the vessel scarce makes steerage-way.

The only movement is that made by the two monkeys, to whom the hot sun seems congenial. These chase one another along the decks, accompanying their grotesque gestures by cries in correspondence—a hoarse gibbering that sounds with weird strangeness throughout the ship.

Except this, everything is silent. There is no surging of waves; no rush through the rigging, no whistling against the sails; every now and then a flop of one blown back. The breeze has fallen to a "light air," and the Condor, with full canvas spread, and all studding-sails out, is scarce making two knots an hour. This, too, with the wind upon her quarter. There is nothing strange about the barque making so little way, but what is strange is the direction in which it is now striking her. It is upon the starboard quarter, instead of the beam, as it should be, and as Captain Lautanas left it. Since his going below the wind has not shifted a single point, therefore the ship must have changed her course.

It is ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is a fairly-skilled seaman. He can not fail to notice that the barque is standing too much in shore. Why does he not see to the directions of the captain being carried out?

Because he does not desire them to be so, or intend that the Condor's keel shall ever cut the waters of Panama Bay. The words passing between him and Gomez tell why the helm has gone up instead of down, and also that the latter, not the former, has been first in disobeying the order.

"It is ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is a fairly-skilled seaman. He can not fail to notice that the barque is standing too much in shore. Why does he not see to the directions of the captain being carried out?

Because he does not desire them to be so, or intend that the Condor's keel shall ever cut the waters of Panama Bay. The words passing between him and Gomez tell why the helm has gone up instead of down, and also that the latter, not the former, has been first in disobeying the order.

It is ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is a fairly-skilled seaman. He can not fail to notice that the barque is standing too much in shore. Why does he not see to the directions of the captain being carried out?

Because he does not desire them to be so, or intend that the Condor's keel shall ever cut the waters of Panama Bay. The words passing between him and Gomez tell why the helm has gone up instead of down, and also that the latter, not the former, has been first in disobeying the order.

It is ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is a fairly-skilled seaman. He can not fail to notice that the barque is standing too much in shore. Why does he not see to the directions of the captain being carried out?

Because he does not desire them to be so, or intend that the Condor's keel shall ever cut the waters of Panama Bay. The words passing between him and Gomez tell why the helm has gone up instead of down, and also that the latter, not the former, has been first in disobeying the order.

It is ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is a fairly-skilled seaman. He can not fail to notice that the barque is standing too much in shore. Why does he not see to the directions of the captain being carried out?

Because he does not desire them to be so, or intend that the Condor's keel shall ever cut the waters of Panama Bay. The words

ervals is he seen on deck, and then staying but a short time.

While he is up, the pirates suspend operations, and stand innocently idle, resuming them as he again goes below.

Over an hour is spent in these insidious preparations, which are at length complete. Every thing has been got into the boat, except that which is to form its most precious freight.

And now the piratical crew again come together to consult about the final step, for the time to take it is rapidly drawing nigh.

It is one so serious as to make the most hardened among them shrink from taking the initiative, for it is the disposal of those destined as the victims of their villainy.

The general intention is understood by all, and has been tacitly determined already. The señoritas are to be seized, and taken on shore; the other three to be dealt with in a different way.

About the abduction there is no difference of opinion; the scoundrels are unanimous. Willing or not, the girls must go with them, whether or for what purpose, no one has yet named. Only, there exists a sort of tacit understanding that they are to go with Gomez and Hernandez, these two having all along shown a predilection, and asserted a claim, which none of the others have disputed.

How to deal with Don Gregorio, the skipper, and cook, is deemed a more delicate question, since these are to be disposed of in a way that comes home to the conscience of those who have such.

For a time they stand silent, waiting for some one who may summon courage to speak. There is one who can do this, a ruffian of unmitigated type, in whose breast stirs not the slightest throb of humanity. It is the second mate, Padillo.

Breaking silence, he says:

"Let us cut their throats, and have done with it."

Despite its laconicism, and the hardened audacity to whom it is addressed, the horrid proposal does not find favorable response. Several speak in opposition. Harry Blew first, and loudest. Despite his broken word and forfeited faith, the old man-o'-war's-man is not so abandoned as to contemplate murder thus coolly. Some of those around him may have already committed this crime; but he does not yet feel up to it.

Opposing Padillo's counsel, he says:

"What need for our killin' them? For my part I don't see any."

"And for your part what would you do?"

"Give the poor devils a chance for their lives, an' let 'em go."

"How let them go?" asks Davis.

"Why, set the barque's head to sea. As the wind's off the shore she'd soon carry them beyond sight o' land, an' we'd never hear another word about 'em."

"No, no! that won't do," protest several, in the same breath. "They might get picked up, and we'd hear too much about them."

"Carra!" ironically exclaims Padillo, "that would be a wise proceeding! Just the way to get our throats in the garza. You forget that Don Gregorio Montijo is a man of the big grande kind. And should he ever set foot ashore, after this, he'd have influence enough to make every spot of earth too hot to hold us. There's an old adage about dead men telling no tales. Maybe some of you know it to be a true one? Take my advice, camaradas, and let us act up to it. What's your opinion, Senor Gomez?"

"My opinion," responds Gomez, now speaking for the first time, "is that there's no need for any difference in yours. Mr. Blew's against the spilling of blood, and so am I. Still we can't let them off as he counsels. That would be something more than madness; it might be suicide. Still I see no necessity for a cold cutting of throats. There is a way between I'd recommend, that'll spare us doing so."

"What way?" demand several voices. "Tell us, Gil Gomez!"

"Oh! it's simple enough; you must all have thought of it, as well as I. Of course we intend sinking the ship. She's not likely to go down till we're a long way off—in all likelihood out of sight. We can leave them on board, and let them go quietly down, along with her."

To this humane compromise several signify their assent; more swayed by its cleverness than its humanity.

Not so Padillo: the inhuman monster, to whom killing seems congenial, sticks to his text, and makes reply by repeating his proposal.

"How are we to help it?" he asks, with an air of naïve, under the circumstances ludicrous. "The skipper will be sure to resist, and so will the old Don. What then? Well, we're compelled to cut their throats, knock them on the head, or pitch them overboard. For my part I don't see the object of making such bother about it. I still say, let's slip their wind at once!"

"Dash it, man!" cries Striker, hitherto only a listener, "you Spanish chaps' peir to have a ugly way o' doin' business in a job o' this sort. In the Australian bush we arn't so blood-thirsty. When we stuck up a chap therer, so long's he don't cut up nasty, we settle things by spicin' him to a tree, an' leavin' him to his meditations. Why can't we do the same wif the skipper an' the Don, supposin' em' to show refractory?"

"That's it!" exclaims Davis, indorsing Striker's proposal; "my old chum's got the right idea of sich things. Let's do as he says!"

"Beside," continues the ex-convict, "this bizness seems to me simple enough. We want the swag, an' some may want the weemen. Well, we can get both without the necessity o' doin' murder. As Gomez say, let 'em go down wi' the ship."

Striker's remonstrance sounds strange—under the circumstances serio-comic.

"What might you call murder?" mockingly asks Padillo. "Is there any difference between their getting drowned and having their breath stopped by a blow? Not much to them, I take it; and no more to us. If there's a distinction, it's so small I can't see it. Corrumba! no!"

"Whether you see it, or not, then," interposes Harry Blew, "Striker's right; an' for myself, as I've already said, I object to spillin' blood, when the thing isn't absolute necessary. By leavin' 'em aboard they may get drowned, as you say, Senor Padillo. But it'll keep our hands clear of the red murder."

"That's true!" shout several. "Let's take the Australian way of it, and tie them up."

The assenting voices are nearly unanimous, and Striker's compromise is carried.

Thus far every thing is determined. It only remains to talk of some details of action, and apportion to every one his part.

For this very few words suffice. It is arranged that the first mate, assisted by Davis, a sort of ship's carpenter, shall see to the scuttling of the vessel. Gomez and Hernandez are to take charge of the girls, and get them into the boat, as they best can; while Padillo is to head the party intrusted with the seizing and stowage of the gold.

In fine the hellish plan is complete, and the moment of action near!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

### THE STAR OF DESTINY.

BY AMORITE.

In weal or woe, where'er we go,  
Our seas and lands afar;  
Oh, we have not one glowing spot,  
Our faithful Polar star, star?

When storms arise, and cloudy skies  
Observe our onward track,  
And envious spleen with malice kee  
Would turn us sorrowing back—

Sparkling still our stars fulfil  
Their joyful mission to us,  
Showing bright visions to us—  
Opening sweet visions to us.

When glory bright illumes your night,  
And wealth and honors too,  
Still ne'er forget the star that yet  
Shines twinkling for you—  
Shines sparkling bright for you.

Select one fair, with chestnut hair,  
And sparkle, sparkle, eye,  
And then thy star to him control,  
Tis thy star of destiny—  
Bright star of destiny.

I know it well, I've felt the spell;  
Tis hope's resistless power,  
To think that she is watching thee,  
And aiding every hour—  
Guarding every hour.

And when before the parson's door  
Thy tyrant step shall tarry,  
Then let her go with thee there—  
No other should them marry—  
No other should them marry.

Then o'er thy life thy star-like wife  
Shall cast a ray serene,  
And by thy side whate'er betide,  
Shall still for aye be seen—  
Shall always there be seen.

### The Creole Wife: or, THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,"  
"STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME  
DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FALSE  
WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### HEART OR MIND?

OUT beyond the flowering screen and across the stretch of open lawn walked Mrs. Leland and the man who had once exercised a very powerful influence in deciding that part of her future which had since become her past. The golden sunset streamed down everywhere about, touching the tall heads of the maple trees which fringed the outskirts of the grounds, lying a mellow flood, on the open sward, mingling with the tremulous shades of the shrubbery, and gilding the grim, dark walls and narrow windows of the Homestead until for once they were burnished to very brightness.

"Such a noble old patriarchal domain! such turrets and domes and serrated walls!"—to give the imagination a trifle of license! such acres upon acres, not to say miles upon miles, of fertile fields and productive forests! No wonder you covet some interest in the reversion of the same, Darcy. I only wonder that, with your shrewd tact and facility for rendering black into white, you have not succeeded in getting at least a very fair share of it into your clutches—I only wonder that the estate has remained intact so far."

Mrs. Leland threw a little spiteful sneer into her words. She was fairly installed now; she had been recognized in the position she had set her mind upon gaining in the Homestead; she had made the impression she most desired upon the old lover, who had been willing once to lay all these enviable possessions at her feet, and now she was prepared to show this evil genius of hers in times past how well she had read him through, inscrutable and unreadable as his outer aspect and inner life might be to the world at large.

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. We were all miffed to the eyes so that to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rogue, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustina; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my

# THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

7

new character without the faintest suspicion that she had ever met with Mrs. Leland before.

"You are talking slang, Audrey. What would mamma say? And here comes—oh! it is—they are—Audrey, those are the Fevershams!"

"It is—they are—and pray who are the Fevershams?"

There was no time for a reply to the query then, but the constrained greeting of the two matrons, who faced each other for one second with just the faintest perceptible trace of consternation, seemed some hint of the old enmity. Mrs. Leland's tact came into fortunate play, and the next arrival following close, the Feversham party drifted past the receiving group of which Mrs. Glenhaven was a prominent figure. Audrey found time to whisper:

"Such vulgar people! What could have possessed uncle Darcy to invite them? I don't suppose he did that intentionally, although I remember now having heard they are not good friends of your family."

"They are influential people, nevertheless, and make quite a stir on the rare occasions when they visit Cassel." Lora answered in the same tone. "Miss Annetta there was my most active rival when I was in Washington, two winters ago."

Audrey glanced from the fair, languid face of her friend, looking cool and serene, the blonde hair crimped over the low forehead, the slight rose-flush and dainty dimples giving her a childlike look of innocence—a look which her confiding nature did not believe—that is seldom found after twenty years of life and three of fashionable society. Miss Feversham, tall and black-haired, a brilliant brunette, with glancing black eyes, and manner rather "loud," was opposite in style as might well be imagined. Audrey contracted a dislike for her upon the spot, but the tide of comers flowing in put an effectual check to any indulgence of prejudiced fancy then.

At five of the afternoon the company was announced complete, and the little group near the entranced brooke for the first. The Ellersleys had been among the very last to come, and Clement Arrell having secured Audrey's ear, made his intention to retain his place plainly evident.

"You enjoy this sort of thing, of course. Sweet sixteen always does, I believe; and you can't imagine how I envy the freshness of sweet sixteen. I've been knocked about in too hard a school to have much fresh impulse of any sort left, and anywhere else this prospect would not have proved so irresistibly enticing as it is."

"That reminds me of cousin Gilbert. At twenty-four he seems to have worn out the belief in all people, his pleasure in all enjoyments, and to have settled to the firm resolution never to be surprised into any avowed committal of himself. There he is now—no, there he is not, although I had a glimpse of him scarcely two minutes ago; but wherever he may be, his impulsive cousin countenance will never waver to betray any passing sentiment of his own."

"The old adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves is disproved for once." It was Gilbert's own cool voice interrupting them as he appeared at her elbow. "I couldn't have wished a more flattering account of myself, even from you, Audrey. What more laudable ambition can any man have than to be master of himself? That attained, it is no very difficult task to master others, and we are all of importance according to the power we wield. My father sent me to petition you to the office of cicerone, Audrey. Some of the people, new to the place, are going off in the usual form of ecstasies over the quaint architecture, dark passages, and the like, and want to take the circuit completed, a feat which requires a guide through the labyrinth of twisting ways and byways."

"And who may 'some people' be supposed to include, cousin Gilbert?"

"That I didn't inquire; but I believe particularly the Fevershams. It appears that the matron, conspicuous for *emboupoint* and orange silk, and another as equally unmistakable in violet and white have developed an unsuspected animosity, and the company is dividing almost unconsciously into two separate and distinct cliques. It would be a pity to have the universal enjoyment marred because of a little long-standing jealousy. I don't speak for myself; I have worn out my pleasure in all enjoyments, you know, and I can't hazard a criticism on the existing state of affairs since I fancy you will fly to hot partisanship. If you will accept my arm, Audrey—"

"Audrey drew back with a little dissenting gesture. She was quite sure in her own mind that this was a faint to draw her away in her cousin's company. Mrs. Glenhaven was the last person to head a social revolt in such a case. Her old enemy, the Honorable Mrs. Feversham now, had gathered a little coterie about her and was holding court in a particularly exclusive and striking style. Seeing it, the other had already quietly and gracefully given way, and taking the arm of a gentleman near, stepped into the ornamented grounds.

"You see the danger is past, if it ever existed at all," said Audrey. "Please apply to Mrs. Leland if you fear any recurrence, Gilbert. I am going with Mr. Arrell to find how many have had the good taste to prefer outdoor shades and breezes. The hall will be opened and house lighted up immediately after sunset, which will leave time enough for dim walls and flowered pillars."

Their move away, and Gilbert turned upon his heel with that steely gleam in his eyes which had come down when he had seen them first together in Mrs. Glenhaven's parlors.

"Very well, Miss Disdain I show your high and mighty preference if you will," was the thought in his mind. "We shall see who will prove himself best worthy that decided favor. Cowardice was never attributed to a Casselworth yet, unless perhaps to the present milk-and-water head of the spreading lands and storied walls—" The Dickens! beg pardon—an! Dorchester. A case of inverted vision, I'm afraid, quite inexcusable, but not unprece-

dented."

Pressing through one of the doorways half-blocked by a stationary group, he had stumbled slightly and brought up against a gentleman standing there.

"Quite excusable, and no harm done. I have been waiting a chance of ingress for five minutes, I suppose. Even my pleasures are seldom quite divested of the business element, and I think it probable your father may be expecting me to report myself. If you chance to see him first be kind enough to say to him that Mr. Grandison has not come down."

"My dear fellow"—with the drawl which Mr. Gilbert Casselworth only affected for a purpose—"it's straight against my principles to charge myself with any thing like business messages. I keep clear of the vulgari pretensions—begging pardon again and nothing personal meant, you are to understand. You'll find the governor beyond there in the library or some where about."

"Just as well to let these upstairs comprehend their true places in the start," he reflected, as Dorchester, with a quiet bow, turned in the direction indicated. "I wouldn't feel so well assured with him in the lists against me instead of the other one, Arrell, and girls' fancies are about as stable as the wind. On my soul, I believe it's only eight years' persistent settling of her mind against me that induced Audrey's unfavorable answer the other night. With all due

regard to our respected fathers for their well-meaning kindness in having the affair all out and dried, they succeeded in the usual style of making a deuced bad bungle of it, which would be a failure complete in any less resolute hands than mine. In mine, we are yet to see in what manner the bungle is to be avoided.

Advancing toward the library, Dorchester met the object of his search at the first turn. "Just come?" asked Darcy, carelessly, pausing, at the same moment mentioning the name of his assistant to his companion, Elmer Casselworth.

"Just come, sir. Mr. Grandison did not arrive with the express as you had expected."

"Ah! Even the strictest men of business can't quite go by clockwork, I presume. I must find some one to take you in charge, Dorchester. Unfortunate that Mrs. Leland is not at liberty at the moment—that is she singing to the devoted crowd who are too rapturous to deserve much gratification. As soon as the song is done now she will take you through the rooms."

"Thanks; I am quite contented to remain a looker-on."

"You are a stranger to all these people, I presume," said the master of the mansion. "I feel very much like a stranger myself among them to-day—like a guest in my own house." Elmer Casselworth had been little more than that for years past had he only realized the fact. "Going, Darcy? Don't let me detain you. If you will favor me, Mr. Dorchester, I'll be glad to have you along with me out in the grounds there. You are fond of music?"

Dorchester's eyes had wandered toward the open door of the music-room. The crowd within shut the musician away from his sight, but the strong, clear contralto voice which, like the singer's handsome, peculiar face, had a masculine element so deep and rich, was it possessed

in opposite style as might well be imagined. Audrey contracted a dislike for her upon the spot,

but the tide of comers flowing in put an effectual check to any indulgence of prejudiced fancy then.

At five of the afternoon the company was announced complete, and the little group near the entranced brooke for the first. The Ellersleys had been among the very last to come, and Clement Arrell having secured Audrey's ear, made his intention to retain his place plainly evident.

"You are a stranger to all these people, I presume," said the master of the mansion. "I feel very much like a stranger myself among them to-day—like a guest in my own house." Elmer Casselworth had been little more than that for years past had he only realized the fact. "Going, Darcy? Don't let me detain you. If you will favor me, Mr. Dorchester, I'll be glad to have you along with me out in the grounds there. You are fond of music?"

Dorchester's eyes had wandered toward the open door of the music-room. The crowd within shut the musician away from his sight, but the strong, clear contralto voice which, like the singer's handsome, peculiar face, had a masculine element so deep and rich, was it possessed

in opposite style as might well be imagined. Audrey contracted a dislike for her upon the spot,

but the tide of comers flowing in put an effectual check to any indulgence of prejudiced fancy then.

"Passionately fond," he answered, as an audible round of applause greeted the close of the song. "I am a Southerner by birth and education both—and I think under the old *regime* we felt the spirit of the liberal arts more comprehensively in our homes, though we lacked in the finer point of cultivation. What a very peculiar voice. Was it a lady who sang—that?"

"I doubt if my companion would not take an opposite view, and consider himself relieved in being dropped by me?"

"How morbid you are! It is an unhealthy—had almost said reprehensible state for you to indulge—yo—yo—who have so much to make your life bright and hopeful and happy. There, don't bring up the plea, you have known trouble! What one among us all has not known trouble? What one has not been tried in that fiery furnace, to come forth scathed in smaller or greater degree? Look at me, Elmer. I have been tried, I have suffered cruelly, but I do not carry my scars in perpetual sight. You don't know what a dark, hard, thorny lifepath mine has been; I doubt if your own would not seem a smooth, fair road beside it, and it was all because of one terribly disastrous mistake, the folly of a misguided, headstrong, heartless girl, eager to escape from what seemed worse than folly to her then. If you could know all—all—you would not quarrel with fate for sparing you so much of the dear delights—loving friends, wide sympathies, ways of pleasantness—to weigh against so much of the pain as was yours."

"Who could simulate a passion For his own abased conviction; And with Satan's best-trained faction—

"Well could vie, for grace of fiction—but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Arrell, for instance, confound him!"

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly distract. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"Remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubtfully remarkable to claim the confidence she does, and with the most appropriate in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpassibility and utter faithlessness—

"Who could simulate a passion For his own abased conviction;

"And with Satan's best-trained faction—

"Well could vie, for grace of fiction—but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Arrell, for instance, confound him!"

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly distract. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"Remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubtfully remarkable to claim the confidence she does, and with the most appropriate in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpassibility and utter faithlessness—

"Who could simulate a passion For his own abased conviction;

"And with Satan's best-trained faction—

"Well could vie, for grace of fiction—but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Arrell, for instance, confound him!"

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly distract. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"Remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubtfully remarkable to claim the confidence she does, and with the most appropriate in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpassibility and utter faithlessness—

"Who could simulate a passion For his own abased conviction;

"And with Satan's best-trained faction—

"Well could vie, for grace of fiction—but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Arrell, for instance, confound him!"

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly distract. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"Remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubtfully remarkable to claim the confidence she does, and with the most appropriate in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpassibility and utter faithlessness—

"Who could simulate a passion For his own abased conviction;

"And with Satan's best-trained faction—

"Well could vie, for grace of fiction—but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Arrell, for instance, confound him!"

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly distract. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"Remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubtfully remarkable to claim the confidence she does, and with the most appropriate in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpassibility and utter faithlessness—

"Who could simulate a passion For his own abased conviction;

"And with Satan's best-trained faction—

"Well could vie, for grace of fiction—but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Arrell, for instance, confound him!"

"Try a change, then, Mark. Present Mr. Dorchester—you are not quite strangers, I see—Audrey when the chance occurs."

Turning away, Mr. Casselworth avoided the throng upon the lawn, taking one of those closer paths, which were all that remained of the tangled, overrun garden of eight years ago. It had been cleared and remodeled, changed to short turf and close-trimmed clumps and hedges, long since. The path, which was the darkest and gloomiest of all that were left, was quite deserted at the moment, and he walked there with a slow, heavy step, quelling the agitation stirred by that chance reference to his divorced wife, whose terrible fate had power to shake him so, after all this time. She had been false as woman can be, and it was out there, just in sight, that she had faced him under the calm, full moon and glowing stars, and avowed her innocence—she, so steeped in guilt and shame! Had it been a just retribution, or a wrathful cutting off from the chance of continued transgression—that terrible fate? Yet she had worn the reproachful look of a martyr saint when she gazed at him; it thrilled him yet to remember how that look had changed when it turned upon his cousin—he'd accused.

Involuntarily his own gaze turned toward the spot where they had met and parted for the last time. It was not vacant now, but it was Mrs. Leland's form filling the space. How fair she was still! how like and yet unlike the fair Faustia to whom he had given his first fleeting infatuation! And she was the same Faustia to him—recalling that first interview in the library with no deep tremor or hopeful thrill of a heart returning to its first love. She was all alone as he would be, for Audrey had married and left him. Elmer had come to him fully. Mr. Dusenberry was not a profane man, I am happy to say, and "Mighty Dinah" was the extent of his forcible explorations.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," in a thin, shrill treble that was more remarkable than sheathing for than any thing in the way of melody. The "blessing" referred to was Mr. Dusenberry.

Of course she asked him to call, and Mr. Dusenberry, who was not very much used to female society, and consequently at a loss what to do or say when they were about, told her that he should be delighted to do so," and emphasized the assertion by blowing his nose on a big, red silk handkerchief. And Miss Smith mentioned Sunday evening as a nice time, and poor Mr. Dusenberry found himself committed to call on a woman, Sunday evening. He burst out in a cold perspiration all over, when he realized what he had done.

"Mighty Dinah!" exclaimed the horror-struck man, when the magnitude of the fact struck him fully. Mr. Dusenberry was not a profane man, I am

## THE TONSORIAL ARTIST.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A strapping fellow was O'Dodd  
As any one might see,  
Although not born in Barbary,  
A barber true was he.  
Politeness seemed to be his art,  
For no one uttered there  
But he would grin with a smile,  
And offer him a chair.  
  
A man of much humanity  
Which is a human grace,  
It always made him sad to see  
A wrinkle in your face.  
  
He was a meek and humble man  
As you would well suppose,  
Yet took all men both great and small  
Familiarly by the nose.  
  
Though brave and bold through life he went  
Quite straight and never feared,  
It is quite true of him to say  
He very often "sheated."  
  
At any thing that was not right  
He would say a few words;  
But then to all uncleanliness  
He gave a sharp scamp-pooch!  
  
A quiet man who much condemned  
Mischief in every shape,  
Yet strange to say he was the first  
To get into a "scrape."  
  
With razors did he raise his store  
Of much-respected peeps,  
He took each customer by the beard—  
But ne'er was beer'd himself.  
  
And while unlearned in lettered lore,  
Unused to book or pen,  
It was his boast that he improved  
The heads of wisest men.  
  
And while he never had been used  
To poisons, he could not bear  
All save the never could be beat  
In working at the polls.

## Strange Stories.

## THE OUTLAW'S TRICK.

## A Legend of Robin Hood.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A BRIGHT May morning and a group of green-garbed archers standing beneath a great oak tree on the borders of the far-famed forest of Sherwood, near to Nottingham town,

From the dress of Lincoln-green and the weapons that they bore, one could easily have guessed that the six stalwart yeomen who waited beneath the greenwood tree were members of Robin Hood's famous band.

"Twas in the time of the "Lion Heart," great Richard, the first of that name, but he languished afar in a foreign prison, and his crafty brother, John, usurped the throne of England.

"It is time that Robin was here," quoth Little John, so named because he stood six feet at least, and was brawny of muscle and stout of thigh, like a Thracian gladiator.

"He will come anon," said Will Scarlet, who wore a red hood and leaned upon a quarter-staff that bore the dint of many a hard knock.

"I hope that no ill luck has come to Robin!" Little John exclaimed, an earnest look upon his face. "I heard it said as I came along this morning that bold Adam Gay, high-sheriff of Nottingham, was abroad, and with two score fellows at his back, and all to take sweet Robin and his merry men."

"By the king, I swear I would like no better quarry than the doughty sheriff!" Will Scarlet cried. "A gray-goose shaft would send him quickly back to Nottingham, and give his widow a chance to find a better husband."

But, even as the words were out of the mouth of gay Will Scarlet, through the wood came the sheriff and his force.

Six could do but little against a host, and the dense green wood protected the sheriff's posse from the deadly arrows of the archers.

"Since arms are of no avail, let us trust to legs!" quoth Little John, and nimbly into the wood the merry men ran.

Little John lingered behind the rest and fitted a shaft to his bow. A parting gift he deigned to give the sheriff, stern Adam Gay.

The rest of the archers noted not his delay, and hurrying on were soon lost within the fastness of the forest.

"Yield thee, thou villain archer!" cried the sheriff, flourishing his blade, as he came within a hundred yards of where Little John stood at bay.

"Command thy soul to Heaven, for you are not long of this earth!" cried Little John, as he bent his bow, and drew the arrow to the head.

The sheriff saw his danger, hasted, and turned to flee; too late would have been the movement to save himself from the deadly shaft that the uncertain wood of Little John's bow snapped in twain.

"Now, curse upon that puling bough!" cried Little John, as he cast the fragments down; "I fear that it has given me my death!"

The sheriff's men had circled him around, and about Little John was in the toils.

He laid his hand upon his blade as if with intent to die sword in hand.

"Now yield thee, bold archer, and mercy I will show!" the sheriff cried.

Little John gazed round at the circle of armed men, and thought while there is life there is hope, and so he cast down his good sword and cried aloud that he surrendered to the sheriff of Nottingham.

They bound his arms with a leather cord, and Adam Gay smiled grimly with joy.

"You are Little John, if report speaks true, for he is said to be the tallest of Robin's band, and archer thou art nearly as stout in limb as bold Richard of England himself," the sheriff cried.

"And where is thy master, bold Robin Hood?" the sheriff asked. "Methinks he has but scant courtesy to hide in the forest when noble guests come to seek him."

"If he had warning of thy coming, he would have received you with such a welcome that many of you would have been constrained to stay within the wood forever," Little John answered. "And now, what mercy will you show to me since I have yielded without a thump?"

"The mercy that the ferret shows to the rat!" cried the sheriff, fiercely; "your neck to the gallows and your soul to Satan!"

"Be not so sure of that!" Little John replied; "bold Robin Hood will not let me suffer!"

"He must come quick to thy aid, then!" the sheriff grimly answered, "for before the sun sets there will be one robber the less in England!" And then he gave the word to march for Nottingham, but Guy of Gisborne, a sturdy gentleman all clad in glittering mail, stepped to the front.

"By Our Ladye, sheriff, I swear! I will no return to town, but alone and single-handed will I search for Robin Hood deep within the forest. If I conquer him, so much more wile be my glory."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" replied the sheriff, "and a thousand marks will I pay for the robber's head."

Then into the wood plunged Guy of Gisborne, while the sheriff and his men carried the stalwart archer straight to Nottingham town.

Greatly the rich rejoiced and the poor grieved when they saw Little John a prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, for Robin Hood, his master, was a friend of the lowly and the helpless; many a gold piece had he wrung from the noble to give unto the peasant.

If tears could have bought Little John's ransom, a hundred thousand would freely have been given.

A short half mile from Nottingham town, under a huge oak tree, they built the gallows upon which to hang Little John, as the sheriff's ransom.

And just at sundown, in a cart, guarded by the sheriff's fellows, and followed by the sorrowing people, Little John rode to his death.

No trial had the archer received, nor shroud for cruel Adam Gay aware that he would doom both body and soul.

Under the great oak tree the cart halted, and Little John looked up at the rope, and then around him. No hope of rescue was there, for a hundred stout men-at-arms circled him around, and their arms were pinned, too.

"Come, hang me this fellow!" the sheriff cried, in glee, and then on the air came the notes of a horn.

"Tis the bugle blast of Guy of Gisborne!" said Adam Gay. "I know the notes; now Heaven send that he has taken the outlaw."

Through the crowd into the circle by the cart came a man all covered with blood so that his face was hid as by a mask, but all recognized the shining mail of Guy of Gisborne.

In his hand he bore a bow, as tall as himself, and an Irish knife.

"See," he said, his voice hoarse from his fierce heat, "the bow of the archer, and Robin Hood lies dead, struck down by my good sword in Sherwood forest."

"Now the saints be praised!" cried the sheriff, in glee. "The thousand marks, good Guy, are yours, and what else you wish besides."

"Let me strike this knave!" the bloody man cried, and he pointed to Little John. "Since I've killed the master, let me finish the felon."

"Willingly!" said the sheriff.

With a nimble leap the man in armor sprung into the cart and raised the Irish knife, and all the bystanders stood aghast.

And then, in a twinkling, Little John's bonds were cut and he held a bended bow in his hands.

Straight through the breast of Adam Gay, sheriff of Nottingham, the archer sent the feathered shaft.

Thirty men or more in Lincoln-green came at a dash from the neighboring wood, and fast back to town ran the sheriff's fellows, the arrows whistling after them.

"Twas Guy of Gisborne who lay dead in Sherwood forest, killed in single fight by bold Robin Hood, and 'twas the outlaw himself who donned the slain man's mail and prayed to the sheriff for leave to kill Little John with the cruel knife, and thus the archer king tricked Adam Gay.

## Bettie's Preacher.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Pretty Bettie Porter's cheeks were as red as the cherries she put in her pies when she stooped to take the aforesaid pies out of the oven.

Just as the last one was lifted out, good Mrs. Porter came in from the morning session of the ministers' meeting, which she attended while Bettie stayed home to do the baking.

"Come, Bettie, we must hurry up dinner," said she. "Father has brought young Elder Palmer home to dinner, and he has invited a dozen of the ministers here to tea."

"My goodness, mother! what made you let him in?" I wanted to go to Carrie Webb's this afternoon, and now I'll have to stick in the kitchen! I do hate preachers! They're the most stuck-up set I ever saw! And there isn't one thing fit for dinner to-day! Father is too provoking!"

"Hush, Bettie; there is no one coming to dinner but Elder Palmer, and you know we must be sociable to him, for the brethren think of calling him here."

"Calling him! Well, of all preachers I do hate a conceited prig of a boy! The idea of calling a green youngster like him after such a father in Israel as old Brother Carter!" Bettie paused at last, heeding the warning gesture of her mother, but paused too late, for in the very door which was open between the kitchen and the porch stood Elder Palmer, with an amused smile which was unmistakable on his pleasant lips.

Poor Bettie! though she was impulsive and mischievous, she was incapable of being rude—she felt as if the blushes would burn through her cheeks.

But the young minister came forward, saying with courteous ease: "Brother Porter told me I should find the family here somewhere, while he put the horses in the barn. This is Miss Porter, I presume?" extending his hand to poor Bettie, who touched it without raising her eyes.

"Now, curse upon that puling bough!" cried Little John, as he cast the fragments down; "I fear that it has given me my death!"

The sheriff's men had circled him around, and about Little John was in the toils.

He laid his hand upon his blade as if with intent to die sword in hand.

"Now yield thee, bold archer, and mercy I will show!" the sheriff cried.

Little John gazed round at the circle of armed men, and thought while there is life there is hope, and so he cast down his good sword and cried aloud that he surrendered to the sheriff of Nottingham.

They bound his arms with a leather cord, and Adam Gay smiled grimly with joy.

"You are Little John, if report speaks true, for he is said to be the tallest of Robin's band, and archer thou art nearly as stout in limb as bold Richard of England himself," the sheriff cried.

"And where is thy master, bold Robin Hood?" the sheriff asked. "Methinks he has but scant courtesy to hide in the forest when noble guests come to seek him."

"If he had warning of thy coming, he would have received you with such a welcome that many of you would have been constrained to stay within the wood forever," Little John answered. "And now, what mercy will you show to me since I have yielded without a thump?"

"The mercy that the ferret shows to the rat!" cried the sheriff, fiercely; "your neck to the gallows and your soul to Satan!"

"Be not so sure of that!" Little John replied; "bold Robin Hood will not let me suffer!"

"He must come quick to thy aid, then!" the sheriff grimly answered, "for before the sun sets there will be one robber the less in England!" And then he gave the word to march for Nottingham, but Guy of Gisborne, a sturdy gentleman all clad in glittering mail, stepped to the front.

"By Our Ladye, sheriff, I swear! I will no return to town, but alone and single-handed will I search for Robin Hood deep within the forest. If I conquer him, so much more wile be my glory."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" replied the sheriff, "and a thousand marks will I pay for the robber's head."

bored she had called him "a conceited prig," to his very face, and all she would say was, "he did well enough."

She avoided him whenever he came to their house, but blushed and looked so conscious when he was mentioned that her waggish little brother, Tom, who saw that something was out of the common way, and didn't know what, began to tease her about him, every chance he could get.

Bettie was sure she hated him, and she was terribly vexed when the church elected him as their pastor.

Imagine her astonishment and vexation when her father came in one day and announced that for the present Elder Palmer was coming to board with them!

Good Mrs. Porter was delighted, but poor Bettie went up to her own room and cried all the afternoon. If she had not made such a dreadful blunder at first, she would have liked him, for she could not help owning that he was a man of talent and good breeding, and a pleasant addition to the social circle.

It vexed her to be thinking of him so much. "It's awful!" she said to herself, "to be always thinking of a person one doesn't like. But when he's always in one's way, how can it be helped?"

Bettie quite ignored the fact that ever since the young pastor came to board with them her meetings with him had been confined to a few accidental ones on the stairs, or a few casual words at the table.

She never sat down a moment in the room where he was, if she could possibly help it, or did any thing else which threw her in his way.

One day the young minister went into the country, and Bettie having company of her own, and not expecting him back, got supper early.

Just as she had finished her work, she heard him come in and go up-stairs to his room. Well, she would be obliged to ask if he had been to supper, so she stepped into the front hall, just as Tom came down-stairs.

Tom, who did not see Elder Palmer at the top, coming down too, sang out:

"Bet, your preacher's come, and you'll have to get him his supper."

"First fish!" shouted Harry. "You owe me one, Scribbler."

"Oh, let's start fair," I retorted, as I put on a grub.

"How can I keep even with you if you throw in before I can get on a bait?"

"All right!" rejoined Harry. "Are you ready?"

We threw in together, and almost at the same moment hooked a fish.

It is many years since I first took the lancewood in my hand, but in spite of that I have not yet presence of mind enough to remember always that it is dangerous to try to throw a trout overhead when the trees grow close to the bank. The moment the trout struck my hook I threw him with all my force, and had the satisfaction of seeing my leader tangled in a stout limb hanging over the water, while a lovely trout, too securely hooked to escape, swayed to and fro in the wind. How I wanted to get him—was the question which agitated my bosom at that moment. The limb did not look strong enough for my weight, and yet it was too strong to bend by the hand.

"Whistle for your fish, Scribb," suggested Dan, in tone of heartfelt sympathy. "Put some salt on his tail."

"I wouldn't be so foolish if I could get along without it just as well," I grumbled.

"How am I going to get my leader?"

"Shin up the tree and bend the limb down," said Dan. "I'll take it off. Or, hold on; I'll go up the tree."

I ought to have known that this offer of assistance on the part of Dan Harvey meant mischief, but I was anxious for that fish; so up he went and began to walk out on the limb, holding on to a still stronger one above his head. As the limb bent under his weight I advanced to the bank and reached out as far as I could to grasp it.

"A little further out, Dan," I said. "A step more will do it."

Dan took the additional step, and I grasped the end of the limb firmly, reaching far out to do it, and nearly losing my balance in the attempt. This was the moment for Dan, and, as if by accident, his feet slipped from the branch, while he hung suspended by the one above him. The elastic limb sprang back, and before I could recover myself I knew just how wet that water was at this season of the year!

Dan Harvey may try to explain this matter away if he likes, but I am ready to attest upon my belief in the fact that he did not slip off that limb by accident. Sooner or later my time will come, and then—but let us not anticipate.

Harry did not wait to hear the fervent maladies I heaped upon the sheriff, and made his lot more than ever.

"I am in such earnest as a man is when he feels his whole future happiness for this world is at stake. Dear Bettie, may I be really 'your preacher'?"

"Oh, I don't know! I am not fit for a minister's wife."